

PUNCH 6^D



the well

the cooker that sets you free!



This is the amazing new Creda electric cooker — the **SUPER COMET**: the cooker with the oven that switches itself on ... does the cooking ... switches itself off!

Just think what that means. Set the automatic time controls and you can go out in the morning ... be free all day ... come back in the evening to a dinner that's just finished cooking!

But the **Super Comet** does everything better. Boils faster ... rapid heating oven with wonderful even heat — whether it's a snack or a banquet, the **Super Comet** cooks it economically

Economical with kitchen space, too — only 15½" wider than an ordinary cooker!*

* Let us send you the full-colour folder — and a paper floor pattern of the **Super Comet**

Made by the **House of Simplex** at Creda Works, Blythe Bridge, Staffs.
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for electric cooking at its wonderful best
you need—a

Creda super comet

big
oven with
auto interior
light

big
plate-warming
drawer
(auto-timed!)

colour-
glance
controls and
signal lights

big,
separate
grill

big,
cleverly
planned, hob
service
(auto-controlled)

built-in
storage
space

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most luxurious
cooker built
in Britain
today!

By appointment to the
late King George VI.



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ATCO

Announce

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In every detail a thoroughbred, precision-built Atco, this new model is so simple in design, so sturdy and reliable, that the long years of mowing service it will give you, with a minimum of attention, makes its attractive price an even more remarkable long-term economy.

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*A new model that
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14-inch cutting width. Complete with metal grass-box.
Full-width rear roller (essential for a velvety lawn
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* * *

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OR AGENTS



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Coxmoore by the look of them.
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making things for men,
I suppose."

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A 'SMITHS OF ENGLAND' PRODUCT

"I chose Smiths watches on the recommendation
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Armand Denis, "and although they were
subjected to rough usage, extremes of heat and
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perfect time". Smiths de luxe watches are sold
exclusively by Jewellers from £7.15.0.
All movements are UNCONDITIONALLY
guaranteed for one year.





Continuous Performance

'EVERYTHING FLOWS, NOTHING IS STILL' said the Greek sage Heraclitus 2,500 years ago — but he might have been speaking of an I.C.I. chemical plant today. One of the main lines along which chemical manufacturing is developing is in the introduction of continuous processes to replace production in batches. This line of development is also being followed, of course, in other, more familiar fields. Just as the smooth surge of power from the jet engine is replacing the supply of little 'packets' of energy by the piston engine, so in modern chemical plants the continuous transformation of raw materials into finished products is replacing the batch by batch methods of yesterday. In these developments, I.C.I. is playing a pioneering part.

There are still certain products where so many different varieties of material have to be specially made that 'batch' production is unavoidable but, whenever

possible, I.C.I. has introduced continuous processing, and most new plants — such as those now operating or under construction on the great new site at Wilton, in North Yorkshire — are designed to operate 60 minutes in every hour, night and day. One outstanding example is the new Wilton plant for making an important synthetic resin for the plastics industry. This resin used to be made in a series of stages; today, the finished product emerges on a conveyor belt in a continuous stream. A process of this type places heavy demands upon the designers of special instruments and automatic controls, because these devices are the very crux of the operation. But the skill and experience of I.C.I.'s engineers and instrument experts has been equal to all eventualities, and the latest I.C.I. plants set new standards for efficiency in production.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited





Simply lovely

Styled and made by the manufacturers of the famous "Motoluxe" coats, this informally stylish "WESTBURY" is in a deep rich all-wool pile, and you have a choice of White, Off-white, Honey, Light Grey, Light Green, Fawn or Shrimp. It is priced at about 7½ gns. (or in Nylon at about £14.)

Ask your retailer to let you see the new Westbury range which includes full and three-quarter length coats. They are very lovely.



Write or call for name of nearest supplier to Sole Manufacturers
LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD. Showrooms: 45 Conduit St., London, W.1



Barrie Scottish knitwear is the concern of the Bordermen of Hawick whose sole criterion is consummate perfection. Haste and speed enter not into the scheme of things, for here the loveliest of cashmeres and lambswools are conjured into garments of lasting beauty. Soft as swansdown and a summer's cloud, infused with tints of nature's gentle palette, these contemporary classics are born only of skill and time-won knowledge.

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PARKER-KNOLL have comfort taped

To the casual glance, there are many chairs that look as if they might be Parker-Knolls. So, before you buy, delve a little deeper. Raise the cushion seat and look for the Parker-Knoll name-tape. This is your guarantee of first-class design and workmanship. Wing chairs and other types can be seen at your favourite furnishers.



Showrooms: 13 Henrietta Place, Cavendish Square, London, W.1; 9 Barton Square, St. Ann's Square, Manchester and 43 Temple Street, Birmingham.

For fully illustrated catalogue, write to: THE COURTYARD, FROGMOR, HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.



The king who became a frustrated expert

"That," said the Stork to the Distinguished Visitor, "is where the Stork itself comes out!"

King Midas brightened. He'd seen fat-free milk maturing tanks, but no fat-free milk. He'd seen fat-blending tanks, but no fats. It was all so shut in; and he *did* want to help! But all he'd seen so far was machinery—and that so shiny already that it didn't seem worth touching. Now the actual thing was coming out into the open. This was IT!

"Now," said the Stork. "It's pushed along this pipe here, sliced into half-pounds automatically—and there you see the packets coming out. . ."

"But it's already wrapped!" said the Disappointed Visitor.

"Certainly!" said the Stork proudly. "Hygienically wrapped. . ."

"And I never touched it!" said the Disconsolate Visitor.

"Certainly not!" said the Stork. "No one ever does, until it's wrapped! As you saw, it's all made under cover—untouched by hand, human or otherwise!"

"But it's golden!" said the Discerning Visitor. "If no one's touched it, how is it golden?"

"You've heard of chlorophyll," said the Stork.

"The stuff that makes vegetables green?" said the Disbelieving Visitor.

"Yes. Well, this is carotene—the stuff that makes carrots ginger. It's in the palm oil and it goes into Stork as a valuable source of Vitamin A. And it happens to make it golden."

"So I can't help you at all?" said the Disillusioned Visitor.

"Afraid not!" said the Stork, making a mental note to overhaul the Distinguished Visitors list.

**STORK
MARGARINE**
—technically speaking!



"Poor Mr. Muggeridge!
Daren't have a cat anywhere in the
editorial for fear of advertising
the Aga."

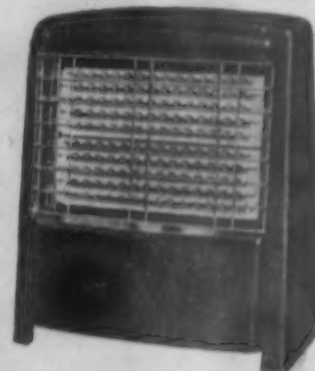
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"Belling"



Arthur George Street—author, lecturer, broadcaster, and Moonraker—was born at Ditchampton Farm, Wilton, and educated at Dauntsey's School. As a young man spent four years in Western Canada, and has farmed in Wiltshire ever since. Published "Farmer's Glory" in 1932, and now has over twenty books to his credit. Hon. President Edinburgh University Agricultural Society, 1935. Loves farming, fishing, shooting, and cheerful contract bridge—in that order. Here he is at home at Mill Farm, South Newton, Salisbury.

"My Daily Mail" by A. G. STREET

"I PREFER to call the Daily Mail my 'Fairy Godmother.' You see, it published my first attempt at writing, and so I've had a soft spot in my heart for it ever since.

I've taken it regularly for thirty-five years, and cannot imagine a week-day breakfast without it. Besides, as a farmer, I just haven't time to wade through acres of newsprint to find what I want, so the attractive lay-

out and readable style of the Daily Mail suit me fine.

But what I like most is that the Daily Mail does live up to its description of 'Independent.' Having given me the news, its views do hold the scales of justice with equal poise—between town and country, men and women, rich and poor, capital and labour, work and pleasure, my own country and others. In these days I find such a sense of proportion very refreshing indeed."

FASHIONABLE PEOPLE YOU PROBABLY KNOW

Mr. Rover Commune-Nature
member, Loyal Fox Watchers

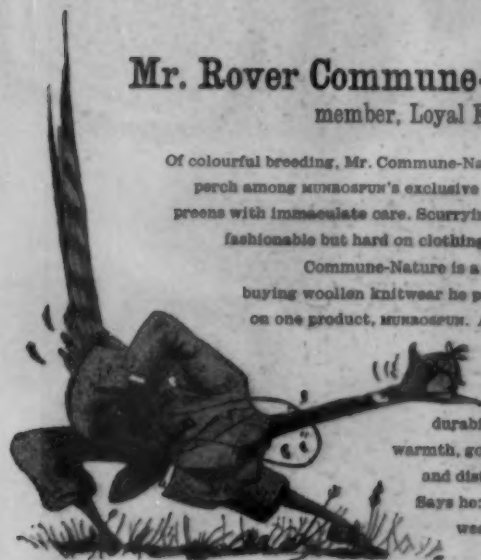
Of colourful breeding, Mr. Commune-Nature deserves a perch among MUNROSPUN's exclusive 'SMART SET'. He preens with immaculate care. Scurrying after foxes is fashionable but hard on clothing. However, Mr.

Commune-Nature is a sly bird—when buying woollen knitwear he puts all his eggs on one product, MUNROSPUN. And you should

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and surrounded by carbon dioxide. Why did Admiral Dumont d'Urville, finding her armless in the Aegean, take her back to Paris and put her in the Louvre? Or Galileo spy on her through his new telescope?

But we're confusing star, statue and myth, VENUS all three. She married Vulcan, and moved on in bigamous progression to Mars, Zeus, Hermes, Bacchus, Adonis and others. In fact, as Galileo noted, she went through phases like any other woman, and in one of them won a race for a golden apple, presented by Paris; so that, in a way, Admiral Dumont d'Urville may have made her feel more at home than he thought.

VENUS is a wanderer, like all planets. Or all but one. There is a fixed and abiding quality about

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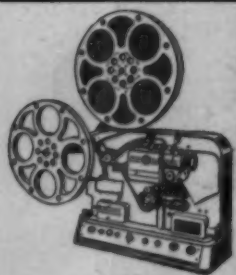


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how much easier
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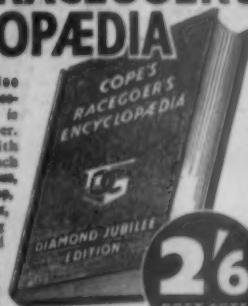


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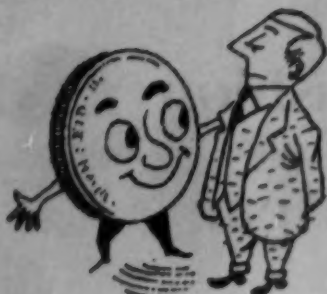
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As fresh as **PAINT** - how long?

The next time you see a Queen Anne or Georgian house looking as fresh as paint and as sound as a bell, ask yourself why. Two hundred . . . two hundred and fifty years is a long time to resist the destructive inroads of the weather.

Outside paint is more than a beauty treatment; it has a job to do, a job of protection. And the passage of the years proves one thing without doubt—**White Lead Paint Lasts.**

Magnet White Lead Base HARD GLOSS Paint is the up-to-date version of this trusty friend. It's available in more than 30 colours—all intermixable. Decorators recommend, wise people specify . . .

MAGNET

for the OUTSIDE

Sleep well content



Of the things that a man may reasonably do to secure his own creature comfort, there are few simpler, and none more sensible, than taking a drop of Scotch whisky on the way to bed. You are leaving to-day for tomorrow. Take your leave graciously and pleurably. Wish yourself well. Choose a whisky soft with great age, soft as a benediction.

For its gentleness and lasting glow White Horse whisky has long been famed. Trust a White Horse to carry you smoothly across the borderland of sleep. It knows the way.

WHITE HORSE

Scotch Whisky



CHARIVARIA

A MERICAN tourists, expected to descend on London in a matter of weeks now, are to receive from a road safety association maps showing them how to get around the West End. It is not thought necessary to show the West End how to get around American tourists.

Nothing in the Papers

REPORTS of the luncheon given by members of the Parliamentary Press Gallery to Sir Winston Churchill barely disguised their indignation at the ban on printing his speech. An old journalist



like Sir Winston ought to have realized that the ban not only inflicted a near-combustible frustration on his hosts but filled them with a dreamlike conviction, when they opened their papers the next morning, that the speech could never really have been made.

Smelt Like Rome Burning

MEMBERS of the aristocracy were in high spirits at a night-club recently, according to a report. Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox and Lord Lumley "staged a mock fight over Lady Arabella Stuart," and amused Lady Anne Ridley and Lady Serena Lumley by heckling the cabaret and beating out a tango rhythm with their glasses. Then a fire alarm was given, and waiters hurried to Lord Lumley's table, where a cigarette was found to be smouldering under Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox's chair. Luckily everyone is likely to be wearing atom-proof evening kit soon.

"X" Marks Our Waiter

PRINTED in West Germany, a guide to the Leipzig Spring Fair includes a

M

warning that members of the Russian secret police will be about in the Fair buildings, that hotels are likely to be wired for secret monitoring microphones, and that at least one-fifth of all visitors will be "secret agents of the Soviet-zonal State Security Service." This might well deter people toying with the idea of a week's spring leave in Leipzig. On the other hand, when all your friends have plumped for the "Come to Friendly Switzerland" type of holiday, it lends a certain *cachet* to be able to come home with snapshots of M.V.D. men found under the bed.

No Cobwebs, Please

A SUNDAY columnist announces that this is a "vintage year" for débutantes. As a metaphor it may succeed momentarily, but in ten years' time it won't readily lend itself to paragraphs about society women of 1955 vintage who have not yet been decanted.

Stiff Measures

NEW YORK's litter problem is to be tackled by a newly-formed force of uniformed sanitary patrolmen, says an American dispatch, who will have the



job of enforcing a new policy of "cleanliness by persuasion." As the authorities have decided to arm the men with police revolvers, however, they should perhaps not close their minds to the danger of exchanging one sort of litter problem for another.

Ruined the Whole Thing

WHEN the Minister of Health recently suggested that residents in old people's homes should be allowed to bring some of their own furniture with them, even though this might "entail some sacrifice in uniformity," he showed not only a

remarkable warmth of heart but a shrewd understanding of the municipal mind. Local authorities are said to be in tears of fury at this high-level meddling, as their dreams of fifty neat cubicles, each with tubular-steel furniture and synchronized wall-clock, collapse into an undisciplined mess of family photographs and fireside chairs.

Remand Homes Outgrown?

JUVENILE delinquency figures are down, says the annual report of Inspectors of Constabulary for England and Wales, and everyone will be very



pleased to hear it. There is just the question whether the juveniles have ceased to be delinquent, or the delinquents have ceased to be juvenile.

Curtain Up?

No hint of Russian intentions can be disregarded, and the report that Mr. Khrushchev has visited a Moscow theatre to see a play "attacking the arrest of good citizens on false charges" is being keenly studied in Whitehall. Once the meaning of "good" and "false" in this context has been determined, it will be possible to classify the incident as conciliatory, aggressive or absolutely meaningless.

Hard on the Health-Conscious

JOHNE'S Disease had been little heard of by the general public until last week, when papers reported that delegates from Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Iceland, Ireland, Italy, the Netherlands and the United Kingdom met in London to discuss its control. Readers who rushed off to the chemist's for the usual shilling's-worth

of immunizing drugs were disappointed to learn that it is a cattle complaint.

Reliable Source

DENYING suggestions that the *Daily Worker* had published a "leakage" of news from the London disarmament conference, begun in private the day before, the editor declared that "on this subject the *Daily Worker* had no other source of information than Moscow radio." Everything exactly as usual in fact.

Think Nothing of It

PUBLISHERS' announcements are not as a rule notable for understatement, and it is refreshing to find an eminent



firm advertising the literary sensation of the century in what is barely a mutter:

"SHAKESPEARE

For this new edition the author has written a special long introduction."

Age of Sloppy Thinking

A SUNDAY fashion writer announces that the 1955 woman can lunch in either a tight dress or a loose one *and still be right*. Readers are furiously angry, and want to know what has happened to female emancipation if girls can't all dress exactly alike.

Warm in Parts

FOR snowballing against orders, says a report, one hundred and twenty boys of a Middlesex grammar school were recently caned by the headmaster, who explained that the rule was to prevent boys sitting in class in wet clothing—"we have limited drying facilities." However, he did his best.

Dis Aliter Visum

"I look at youth in all its activities . . . and I wonder what would lie before them if God wearied of mankind."

Sir Winston Churchill

To what inferno might we be consigned If God should ever weary of mankind? Could even God devise a world more grim.

Than men have made from weariness of Him?



BANK RATE PROTEST



THE text of the following Note was broadcast early this morning:

The undersigned Depositor, having given careful attention to the Note of the Bank dated February 26, 1955, and to the annexe entitled "Statement of Account," considers it necessary to state the following:

"As is known, it is at all times the policy of the Depositor to strive towards amicable relations with the Bank and the maintenance of a healthy economy, but this policy is being systematically vitiated by the unilateral actions of the Bank, which can serve only to increase tension. The Bank has seen fit to call attention once again to the size of the overdraft maintained by the Depositor, but this is a shamefaced red herring to cover up the ruthless machinations of the Bank, which is intent only on amassing profits regardless of the humanitarian interests involved. In pursuing this course the Bank is perpetrating a new flagrant violation of the Depositor's internal affairs and is allowing itself to serve as the mercenary of the notorious buccaneer Butler and the rattlesnakes of the revanchist Treasury clique.

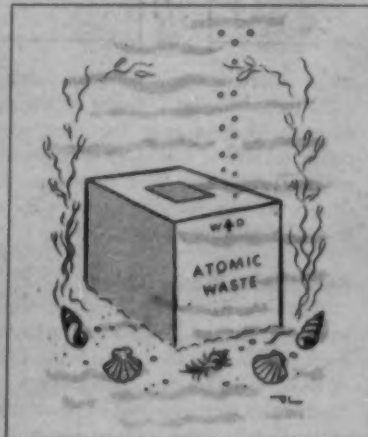
"It cannot be coincidence that in the same week as the Bank saw fit to address itself to the Depositor, R. A. Butler, the so-called Chancellor of the Exchequer, acting with characteristic lack of shame, committed yet another infamous provocation by raising the Bank Rate by one per cent. Nor did he forbear, in his zeal to withhold credit from those who need it and to distend

the usurious rates of interest already levied on such petty credits as the Bank has deemed it in its interest to advance, to deny a last hope to those he rules by increasing the deposit on hire purchase. It is plain that the motives of the Bank in thus addressing itself to the Depositor were those of duplicity towards the Depositor and craven obeisance before the demands of the Chancellor of the so-called Exchequer. Although, as is known, the Depositor wishes to reach agreement with the Bank on all matters of mutual concern, it is obvious that he cannot submit to financial blackmail, and to that extent he must reject the lying mendacities of the Bank as false, invalid, and void.

"Having brazenly committed itself to pursuing the course laid down for it by R. A. Butler, and having, in customarily aggressive language, made no secret of its intentions towards cheques drawn on the Depositor's account, the Bank again dons the cloak of sanity and reason and proposes negotiations to be held at the Bank. This threadbare cloak cannot, however, entirely conceal the true intentions of the Bank, which are to grind an ever more exorbitant rate of interest from the Depositor. It is obvious, therefore, that if the Depositor were to consent to negotiations he would be faced with a *fait accompli* which would reduce the very idea of negotiation to a farce. Indeed, so intent is the Bank on brooking no opposition to its nefarious schemes that it shrinks from using the word 'negotiate' and states simply 'call at the Bank.' This peremptory parroting of worn-out formulas, as is known, is designed to intimidate the Depositor and to make a favourable impression on those financial circles from which the so-called R. A. Butler is wont to recruit his hirelings. But the Depositor refuses to be intimidated by propaganda, and to that extent the sinister stratagems of the Bank have already been ignominiously foiled.

"However, in the interests of peace and the avoidance of a new bankruptcy the Depositor is prepared to meet the Bank at the time and place suggested, and proposes that Deputies be appointed to draw up a mutually agreeable agenda."

G. D. T.





"I'm afraid I shall have to charge this as a family group, Lord Tennyson."

Personality Minus

By CLAUD COCKBURN

POSSIBLY you can hire some lawyer who will tell you things are less menacing than you imagine, though personally I never heard a lawyer say such a thing to a client and I can only suppose you are thinking of a quack doctor.

Anyway, take any precautions you deem advisable, because from where I cower in an Eire area so remote that probably we shall be able to fission, nuclearly, unobserved by international observers, long after everyone else has been forced to sign statements saying yes, they were at it, but only to run toy

trains with, like the ancient Chinese inventing gunpowder to make nothing but fireworks with, the news is that someone has got a court of law not far distant from here to award substantial damages *v.* somebody on the grounds that this somebody bumped into this someone with something or other, and as a result of the accident this someone suffered a change of personality.

(Not of sex as happens in England, where, as every reader knows, it is better to keep absolutely quiet until a posse of scientists tells you which you are and how to act: just personality.)

The newspaper account I read of this personality case did not make things entirely clear, except that justice was done to one and all.

One assumes that what was complained of was that the change of personality had been for the worse. Although even that cannot be taken for granted, because look at all the people who, if their personality suddenly got changed for the better, would be out of a job, or at the best getting down-trodden by people with unchangingly horrible personalities.

View the whole thing in terms of a Foyle's Literary Lunch or the day of the Old Management *v.* Shop Stewards match, and you will readily see the way things could work out, and how a man who used to have a not nice personality, and then this other fellow bumped against him with a sawn-off output chart, and his personality became sweet as pie and he said he entirely agreed with everything, might have a case for damages.

Or put it another way: glancing around at your colleagues and fellow-workers, and assuming that some shock with a blunt instrument were radically to change their personalities, how many of them do you suppose would be in a position truthfully to deny that the change had been otherwise than highly beneficial?

Naturally you get a lot of this corrosive complacency which, as the Bishop of Thing said last week and the week before, is all too besetting.

"My personality? Listen, chum," these complacents are apt to say, or "old boy," they say, or "sir," or "I didn't catch your name but whoever you may happen to be I want to tell you something," they say, "my personality just happens to be *my* personality, see? And I don't intend to have anyone change it, see?"

While all the time there are thousands standing ready and eager to actually themselves, and without too much investigation, pay someone to bang old George's personality into an entirely new shape.

What makes me think that this case in Ireland that I speak of can set a precedent which may bring the roof crashing in on all our heads is that the number of people who are entirely satisfied that their personalities have been perfect all along, and can at no

time have deteriorated, is so small that the whole lot could be lined up in a single TV studio at one time, or on a couple of banquets at that little place everyone goes to now behind the Thing.

Everyone else, far as I can see, has a case for damages against someone. Just how winsome might you not be at this very day, my dear sir, had it not been for that beastly blunt jolt you got from the income-tax man in 1949? Changed your personality quite a goodish bit, didn't it, old man? And, according to informed opinion, Pandit Nehru and H. Gaitskell, and Adenauer-am-Rhein and the Colonial Secretary, and that man who got the O.B.E., each and every one of them could make out some sort of a case.

Utterly nice as they all are now, and I include in this category the Bishop of Leeds and Madame Massigli and T. Trinder and every man who knows a sportsman when he sees him, yet is anyone going to be audacious enough to assert that any of them, or any, for that matter, of the Regional Inspectors of the Board of Education, or the members of the Transport Commission, are such absolutely tip-top value now as to preclude, I use the term advisedly, preclude the possibility that if only something sudden and unexpected, some kind of thud, had not jarred them at some time in the forgotten past, their personalities might not have blazed even more, incredible as the whole thing may seem, gloriously?

There was a case a while back in a French court where a man tried to recover damages from a taxi-driver who had, as he claimed, startled him into a state of mental unbalance. (That was what he called it, but you can see that what he meant was simply our old friend Change of Personality.)

Trouble was, if I understand the case at all, that this man did not grasp, right away, just how badly this taxi-driver really had scared him, thus underestimated personality-deterioration involved. Later, friends began to say:

"Listen, my old, you always were a bit of a stinker, in fact a lot of us couldn't believe you could possibly ever get to be more of a stinker than you were already. Mattera-fact, Old My, that's why we hesitated to credit the plain evidence of the facts. But honestly, M. V., the matter's not open to doubt. You get nastier by the minute."

So the man—his name was M. Vieux—said "D'you mean I'm noticeably more horrible than I used to be?"

"Certainly are."

"You prepared to swear to that, my Ami?" (M. Ami was this other man's name.)

"How d'you mean, swear?"

"Well, I mean like you stand up and say 'Truth, whole truth and nothing but, s'welp me, vile as Vieux was in the Vile Vieux days, he's a whole lot viler now.'"

"Happy to swear so, Vieux."

"This is certainly going to make that taxi-driver sorry for what he did. I'll take him for a ride," commented Vieux with malicious satisfaction. A moment later he gave vent to a vile oath—typical of his later or "blue" period—as he recalled not recalling the number of the cab.

Fact is it took him eight weeks shivering on a corner of the Place de la

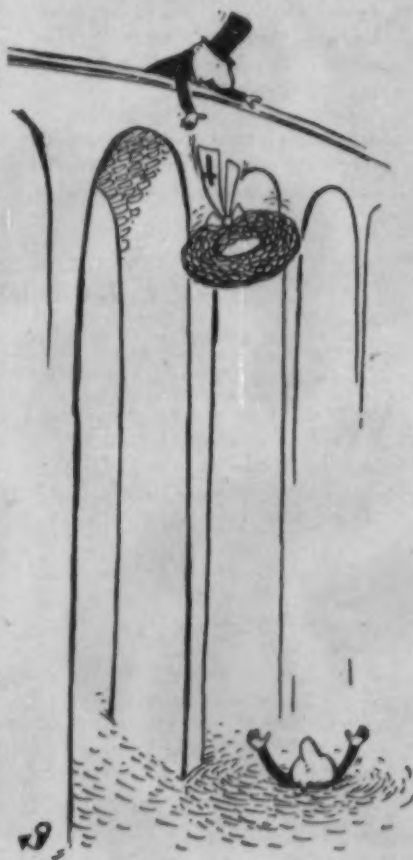
Concorde scanning faces of passing taxi-drivers before he was in a position to hail this man into court, and will you believe what this taxi-driver had the dashed impertinence to do? He claimed—some lawyer put him up to it no doubt—that if Vieux' personality had got beastlier than it always was, which he took leave to doubt, this was due not to the original fright but to the rigours and discomforts of V.'s vigil as he sought to locate Monsieur C., the chauffeur.

Before Vieux could think of any effective reply to this impudent assertion there was war, and invasion, and liberation and such, and everyone's personality took such a toss that poor old V. looked practically nice by comparison and lost all hope of redress. They told him his sort of beastliness was *vieux jeu*. He turned nastier and nastier but was crushed in the queue.

However, he had at least tried, which is a good deal more than can be said for this chap in the City of London you may be hearing about, whose best friends keep telling him his personality is deteriorating at such a rate that some of them, at personal inconvenience, have had to take earlier trains to London so as to keep out of his way.

Everyone knows that this man's C. of P. is due to a bit of thing that happened in connection with one of these take-over bids that didn't take—"Millions clipped from Share Values" was how one newspaper put it—and there are plenty of people this ghastrier and ghastrier man could sue.

But he, if you please, cynically takes the view that the nastier he becomes the bigger damages he will get in the end. Last thing I heard was that property values were falling sharply in the section of Surrey where he reeks, and a man was suing this first man on the ground that just having to meet Man I had turned formerly most awfully nice Man II into an absolute horror.



Unreasonable Request

"National Coal Board invite applications for a superannuable appointment as Assistant to the Head of the By-Products Section in the Marketing Department at London Headquarters . . . An aptitude for commercial activities would be an advantage."

Advertisement in Chemical Trade Journal

Speech! Speech!

By A. J. BROOKER

TO 1955 there comes a far-off echo, and a long silence. It is, in fact, the bicentenary of Single-speech Hamilton's single speech, and admirers of this model politician feel that something should be done about it.

How much oratory has flowed over Westminster Bridge in those two hundred years—how few M.P.s have caught from Hamilton the divine gift of coming to the end and stopping! And yet the great, the unique speech was not one of these paltry "er-er" affairs. It did not run, like that of another single-speaker, "Could we have that window closed, Mr. Speaker, there's a terrible draught here." Hamilton's speech was not like this at all. It was a corker.

There seems to have been an expectation of something good when the Speaker gave him the eye, at 2 p.m. one foggy afternoon. Any Members still sticking it out at 4.45 a.m. next morning were able to realize, partly, just how good it was. It contained arguments, jokes, clever hits—even a bit about not being accustomed to public speaking. As to what it was about, the general consensus is reluctant to commit itself. It was good, that is enough. Actually it was made on the Address, when anything goes. It was early days for Henry Woodfall, ancestor of all Parliamentary reporters, who was soon to be storing the debates in his capacious head—let us hope he wasn't there, as it

must have been very trying for a prentice Datas. At all events our hero, having made his speech, sat down.

What's more, he kept down. When the urge to chat became too strong he transferred for a while to the Irish Parliament, rattled off five speeches there, and then returned to the big League stuff at Westminster, where he sat like a clam. (Five speeches in the Irish Parliament, of course, would sound like an awkward silence.) The years went by, with many a rumour that Hamilton was getting up ("Oh Lord, and the chops just on!"), and many a sigh of relief as he got up and merely walked out.

Six years or so of this broke the Cabinet's nerve, and Hamilton became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Ability to guard the gates of speech is quite useful for this particular office, as a recent occupant learnt rather too late; but there is a drawback. Once a year at least the Chancellor has to say something, if it is only "Gimme." The moment approached, but Hamilton was ready. He resigned.

Why resigning does politicians so much good it is hard to say. It would be good for the public as well, if they only meant it; in any case it acts on Prime

Ministers like catnip on cats. Hamilton was at once offered any job he liked. He chose the War Office.

It was the moment when America, helped by France, Spain, Holland, Italy, India, Russia, Prussia, Denmark and so on was throwing off the British yoke. A lesser man might have associated the tenancy of the War Office, in the circumstances, with a necessity for public oration. Hamilton, that Briton of Britons, looked the necessity in the eye and watched it wilt. There have been other War Ministers—Kitchener, Churchill, Shinwell—but Hamilton stands alone.

Fate, alas, still had something waiting. Peace broke out, and the War Minister was expected to say something about what had happened one way or another. It was the occasion for Hamilton's second and last resignation.

He was still—he will always be—Single-speech Hamilton.

A plaque, it is hoped, will be unveiled somewhere; such masters of resignation as Messrs. Churchill and Bevan would be an ornament to the proceedings. They might even be persuaded, between them, to give the great speech in full.

We shall listen in, from bed, with avidity.

A Hampshire Lad

Members of the Railway Correspondence and Travel Society hired a special train, "The Hampshireman," to take them over the Meon Valley branch line the day after it was officially closed.



"Why can't you give me the kind of Press publicity Albert Schweitzer gets?"

WHEN we were one and twenty,
The Railway Age and I,
Came Hampshire lads in plenty
On trains that once would ply
Beneath the valley sky.

In Spring the men of Privett
Would watch with lips ajar:
The rattle of each rivet
On every creaking car
Was heard in fields afar.

In Summertime at Tisted
The engine would appear
On tracks that turned and twisted—
Its whistle was, I fear,
A horrid noise to hear.

When Droxford lads alighted
On platforms in the Fall
The porters grew excited
To wait and watch them all:
For then the fares were small.

But Wickham boys in winter
Would think the engine fine:
The sight of it would splinter
Men's hearts along the line—
And one of them was mine.

But now we're six and eighty,
Our energy is spent:
And Meon minds are weighty
To think the way we went
Has proved impermanent.

ANTHONY BRODE

No Place Like Home

By LORD KINROSS

IN an Ideal Age it is salutary to look back to an age which was less so. That champion of idealism the *Daily Mail* enables us to do so this month in the great temple of the age at Olympia. As an object lesson it has erected a Regency façade, austere pale and flimsily faced with stucco. Behind it, in suitable disorder, are the rooms of a Beau, a Rake and a King's Mistress, characters of an age relaxed in its morals and severe in its comforts. Across it are inscribed the telling words of a more ideal King, George V: "The foundations of the national glory are set in the homes of the people." And sure enough, beyond it, in colourful contrast, the people now stand, in an ideal queue, before Stately homes happy and glorious with half-timbering and lattice, rich with multi-coloured brickwork and thermostatic tiles.

Contentedly severe in their morals and relaxed in their comforts, the ideal people file through rooms soon to be theirs in such fashionable quarters as Oxshott and Pyrford, Cobham, West Byfleet and Weybridge. They still find Regency stars on the ceiling and stripes on the walls. Otherwise, opulent as befits their station, experts all in gracious living on the instalment plan, they have evolved far beyond the taste of the Beau and the Rake and the King's Mistress, with their stern *chaises longues* and commodes. Past a hallstand in exterior veneer Oak polished Antique colour with bright finish, they file into a dream lounge at once striking and dignified, with superb black-and-gold-lacquered fully-fitted cocktail cabinet, china cabinet, coffee table, nest of tables and lamp standard. In a luxurious traditional three-piece suite of ample proportions and attractive design they relax floating on latex foam with tension springs, resting feet on their first completely *planned* carpet.

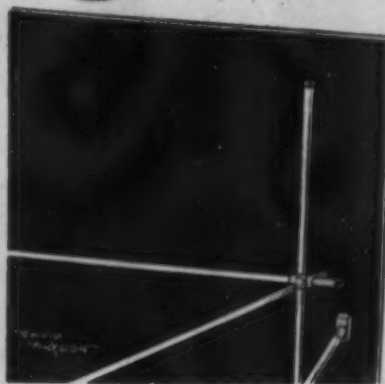
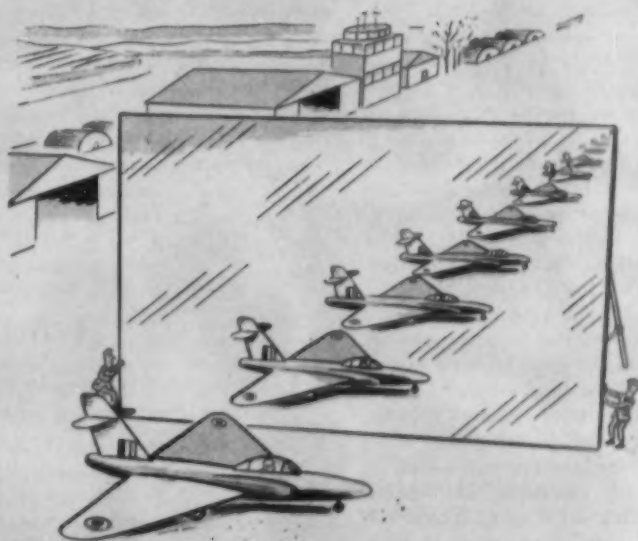
Their Stately soft-furnishings are no longer in mere silks and satins but in lush fibres—slub repp, polyvinyl chloride sheeting, viscose and acetate rayon—unknown to the mere mistresses of Kings. Bedroom suites, such as neither they nor the beaux ever dreamt of, are lavishly fashioned from polished grained woods and veneers, brought from the farthest corners of the earth: Brazilian

rose-wood or Japanese elm, Royal Makore ("Dark Tan shot with gleaming Black") or Copper Makore ("Blush under Sun Tan"), imperial maples and walnuts innumerable. Moreover the severity of the rakes has given place to a "more curvacious trend" in their furniture, allowing voluptuous curves to beds and wardrobes and a "tulip-petal contour" with "legs splayed to give grace," to a chair.

The bed is covered sumptuously by a shimmering pinky-beige quilt of rayon taffeta, encrusted with embroidery; the bedside lamps by dainty, silken-crinolined figures. There are bunks for the kiddies, as on a luxury liner, and either a divanette or a "chair with a dual personality" for the unexpected

guest. In the nursery the ideal child sleeps in an ideal cot on a self-ventilating, germ-resistant mattress: "so gently resilient, so safe, so hygienic, so clean." Glazed tiles, recalling the baths of Caracalla at Rome, grace the bathroom, and in the w.c. "the elegantly-curtained window, the colourful wallpaper and the sparkling crystal light belie the essentially useful character of the room."

In the contemporary dining recess, with the contemporary sideboard-cum dining-unit in natural oak veneer, the contemporary Axminster carpet features cocktail glasses on a Burgundy background. There is a contemporary double-decker coffee table for party-throwing flat-dwellers, a contemporary





"knockdown" table with a polished plate-glass top, a contemporary high stool, with shaped polished ply seat and a "significant-looking iron support." Only the ideal grate persists in its antiquated Regency design. But its coal and logs have evolved into "fire-light without ashes, warmth without soot," hand-made by a specialist and "so vividly realistic that it is hard to believe they will never crumble into ash and cinders."

But the Heart of the Home, for the ideal lady, is her kitchen. Here she enjoys the benefits of a learning denied to the beaux and the rakes. To-day S-M-I-T-H spells Scientific Management In The Home, of which a Council, "in the light of knowledge acquired during microscopic research into the problems of our splendid housewives," has evolved the Ideal Kitchen, "based on scientific principles of work sequence and motion study," with units "of the standard dimensions recommended by the British Standards Institution." SMITH has arrived at a great Truth, here embodied, that "the sequence of work-surface/cooker/work-surface/sink/work-surface, whether arranged in an L, a straight line or a U, is of first importance, and this sequence must not be broken by a door or other traffic way."

Another Council, of Gas, has evolved, on equally Basic Principles, the Happy Kitchen, or rather a sequence of kitchens, rising by income groups, each one happier than the last. In one of these a happy wax hostess, in turquoise paste earrings, spends all day happily pouring boiling water from a tap direct into a teapot. Their furniture derives, in

its finish and design, from the work of English master-craftsmen justly renowned for centuries. Its flawless lines, however, are no longer those of the commode or the chiffonier, but those of the quality cooker with the high-level grill, the multipoint water-heater with the balanced flue, the gas refrigerator with the flexible release to the ice-tray, the washing-machine of "live water" electrically agitated, tastefully concealed beneath the laminated draining-board. The objects disposed about the ideal

room are no longer bibelots and snuff-boxes but a polythene soap-saver, a magnetic broom, a self-squeezing sponge-mop with a rubber scrubber.

The decoration, however, reverts to the Regency. The Ideal Kitchen is in pastel blue, dove-grey, cherry and white; the Happy Kitchen may have a powder-blue boiler, a primrose-yellow cooker, pale grey walls and a peach-coloured ceiling.

Appropriate enough for the salons of an Ideal Age.

A Red Red Rose?

WHY should it be funny for the Russians to compete in beauty competitions?

Cannot the domestic product be approved of other than at home?

What did the Grand Dukes do if they found no beauty in Russia?

Why were Circassian virgins an import of imperial Rome?

Can it be assumed that their women, if once they grapple with the problem,

Will be less successful in sex-appeal than hurdling or putting the weight?

Are there no Italian experts at hand for preliminary training?

Is not selective breeding a weapon of the all-in State?

All these millions of women with Europe and Asia in their cheek-bones

Organized to build up beauty for a knock-out battle with the West—

Myself, I should be more than happy with their third reserve for an evening.

Let alone the kind of creature one can picture them evolving as their best.

All the same, it is funny: and the fact is sufficient comment

On the sort of civilization that prides itself on having seen

Equality as more than elegance, mystery as less than muscle,

Beauty as purely irrelevant, and sex as part of the machine.

P. M. HUBBARD

Knight Arrant

By BR**N C*NN*LL

DOUGLAS was three and a half when one day, as he happened to be playing with his hoop in Piccadilly Circus, bowling it round and round the statue of Eros, King George the Fifth rode by on a bicycle. "Hullo, King," shouted Douglas in a piercing treble. His Majesty applied his brake, turned towards him, and with grave old-world courtesy, removing his crown, responded, "How do, Doug?" When Senior heard about this he fairly hit the roof. "What does Junyar think he's playing at?" he shouted. "I'd never done anything like it at his age." But Kan Whitebait—so-called after Kansas City, where she was raised—who was at that time his mother, pleaded for him. "That boy knows where he is going," she said.

So it proved.

At the age of six and a half he was holding down a salary of two and a half million dollars a year, out of which he was able to maintain in reasonable comfort all of his seven grandparents, as well as numerous cousins and uncles. He was never much of a believer in formal education. "Life's too short," he said. On the exclusive beach which Senior had donated to him and which was known as 400, Ocean Front, he kept the model of a West Country English pub where, against the background of an Egyptian temple, he used to serve out highballs and cider to all that was most exclusive in the glittering world of Hollywood. Douglas himself was accoutred as a South Sea islander with the head-dress of an Arab sheikh. Across his front was an Aztec breast-plate, especially enlarged to accommodate all his medals. It was his rule never to don his white tie and ceremonial sword until sundown. It was a habit which he had inherited from Rudyard Kipling—one of the closest of his English friends—and he paid little heed to criticisms in the Press which used to say that he had "gone English."

It would be perhaps an exaggeration to say that he actually made the war. Who can say exactly how great is the influence of one who has always deliberately preferred to keep himself behind the scenes? But it can confidently be claimed that if it had not been for him there would not have been

a war. That is in some degree the measure of his greatness.

When he returned from the war, during which he frequently dined with Lord Mountbatten, he was once more quietly accepted into the circle of the Royal family. Unlike so many other movie-actors, who take no interest in public affairs, Douglas surrendered to his task of dedicated exploitation of himself. It was while he was preparing himself to take the part of Helen in Cecil B. deMille's *Iliad* that there came to him the invitation to become Prime Minister of France. He was at the time playing Scrabble on the floor at his house at the Boltons along with "Dopy" Dupré and the Duchess of Kent. The King of Sweden, who happened to have looked in for a cocktail, said to him "Doug, this is a chance that you cannot afford to miss. There are times when doing is more important than acting." As a matter of fact he did not accept the Prime Ministership of France because the President required him to give his answer at the Folies Bergère that very night and this was not possible as he had to catch a plane to Agra in order to dine with the Aga Khan. "I'll leave it to some other fellow," he said with his happy, boyish laugh. But he has often since said to his mother, "Ma, I will never forget what Sweden said to me that night." It had a profound influence on his life.

Douglas has been called flamboyant, but no touch of vulgarity has ever marred his success. He is a firm believer in family life, on which he thinks, with Abraham Lincoln—in so many ways a very different sort of man—that

the greatness of a nation must be built. There are, as he said one day to the Duke of Edinburgh, other and higher values than the material values. The Duke agreed. No one could ever accuse Douglas of being a snob. No one has a higher regard than he for the Common Man, and once—some fifteen years ago—he met one, a Mr. Bracken. When Mr. Bracken later received a peerage Douglas was among the first to congratulate him. He is indeed, as he once said of himself in a statement to his Press agent, a veritable Knight Errant of Democracy, the Sir Galahad of the Upper Ten, the *chevalier sans peur and sans reproche*.

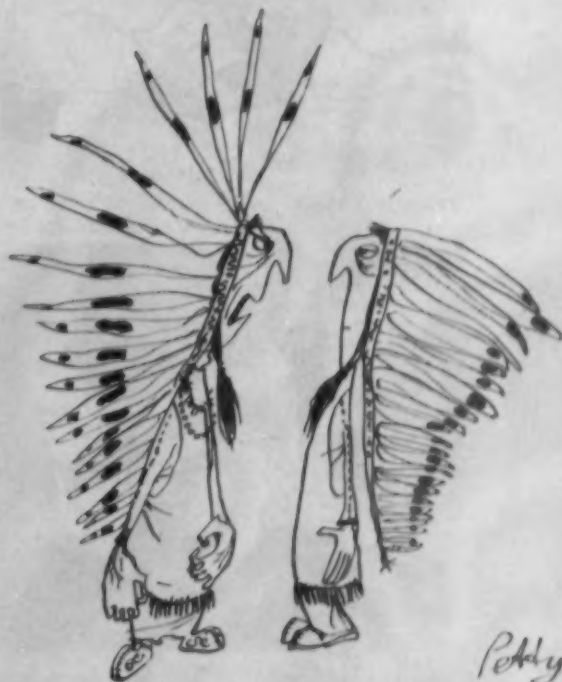
CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

~ ~

"Will the Partick Thistle supporter who missed his bus at Dunfermline last Saturday, and got a lift to Glasgow in the Kilmarnock supporters' bus, claim his teeth from Joseph Munro, 34 Greenhill Terrace, Crosshouse, near Kilmarnock?"

Letter to the Sunday Post

Any reparations?



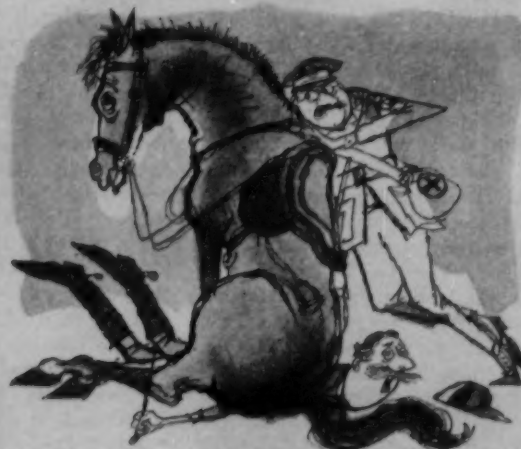
"What do you mean I 'tend to be excitable'?"

The Rake's Progress : The M. F. H.

By RONALD SEARLE



1. **PROMISE** Serious fall off rocking-horse. Breaks collar-bone



2. **SUCCESS** Photographed by Toller riding in Grind at Oxford. Elated. Takes the Haythorp. Breaks collar-bone



3. **TRIUMPH** Parades hounds, Lord Mayor's Show. Judges hunters at White City. Trips over Duke of Beaufort. Breaks collar-bone



4. **TEMPTATION** Runs fox to ground in neighbouring County. Starts digging. Spotted by rival M.F.H. Reported



5. **DOWNFALL** Expelled from Master of Foxhounds Association. Takes to drink. Thrown out of Hunt Ball. Breaks collar-bone



6. **RUIN** Fails to renew Subscription to Horse and Hound. Gets job as Post Office, East Anglia. Falls off bicycle. Breaks neck



Clovis at Badminton

By S*K*

IN a world that is said to be chiefly swayed by love and hunger it was surprising that so many people had elected to spend the first warm day of spring watching "The Three Day Event." Even more astonishing, the majority appeared to be enjoying themselves. Not so Clovis Sangrail and Bertie van Tahn, who were surveying the scene with considerable disaffection. So far none of the cross-country competitors had appeared and the broadcast announcer was trying to enliven the proceedings by appealing to one Ian Nougat-Jones, aged ten years, to go to the police tent where his father was awaiting him. "Not," as Clovis remarked to Bertie van Tahn, "a madly enticing invitation."

The rest of their party were walking the course and the two friends were exchanging biographical confidences about the long succession of passers-by.

"Surely," exclaimed Bertie, "that must be a horse disguised as a woman."

"You're probably right," said Clovis. "I only know her as my least favourite aunt — Ada Canter-Furlong," and, climbing off the wing of the car with an air of graceful reluctance, he made the necessary introduction.

"Glad to see you here, Clovis," said his aunt. "Pity you're not having a ride though. Your father used to go so well."

"On ten times my income."

"Fiddlesticks!" said his aunt. "Money has nothing to do with nerve. How's your mother?"

"She's thinking about getting married."

"Again?" All Ada Canter-Furlong's dislike of what she referred to as "the other side of that family" was conveyed in the adverb. "And who is the lucky young man this time?"

"Hughie Cutsem—my tutor at Oxford."

"Is he the one that hunts with the Warwickshire? I remember seeing a don there going so well that he was practically alone with hounds."

"Being left alone with forty unattached hounds in one of the less interesting counties in England is not, I assure you, Hughie's idea of an enjoyable afternoon. But talking of hounds," went on Clovis, "how are your blood-hounds, Aunt Ada?"

"I presume you refer to my Great Danes," said his aunt stiffly. "Codrington Hamlet won a Gold Medal at Cruft's and Codrington Erik was Reserve at Leeds."

"I wonder," said Clovis, "that you haven't brought them here to-day."

I should have thought they would have enjoyed the outing."

If Ada Canter-Furlong had suspected that Oxford was having a deleterious effect on her questionable nephew, this remark confirmed it.

"Good heavens! What an idea. Dogs are quite out of place on an occasion like this; it even says so on the programme. Master would never speak to me again." And, snorting disapproval, she moved off in the gait peculiar to ladies of a county family negotiating a ridge-and-furrow field.

"I don't think you were much good with your aunt," said Bertie. "You should have asked after her health and not her Great Danes. Take it from me—aunts that have never known a day's illness are very rare. Even the tough





hunting ones like your Aunt Ada usually have frog or at least strangles."

Fortunately their hostess, Blanche Boveal, now reappeared and asked Clovis to open the luncheon basket. Bertie, who had made a previous reconnaissance, quickly located the quails in aspic, and the party had just moved on to the Smyrna Halva when the announcer made a further appeal to Ian Nougat-Jones to repair to the police tent.

"That boy will certainly remember to-day," said Blanche, swallowing a Carlsbad plum. "In fact I doubt if his father will ever let him forget it."

It was at this moment that Clovis became galvanized into alert attention. He drained his glass of Pouilly Fumé and declaring, to everyone's surprise, that he wanted to watch the "Coffin" fence, he sauntered over and joined the crowd that had collected round the announcer's rostrum.

For the next ten minutes the announcer was busy recounting the exact position and movements of the various competitors—then there was a sudden

pause and he said in a grave voice "I have just been handed an urgent message. Will the father of Ian Nougat-Jones leave the police tent and go immediately to the Orangery where his son, Ian Nougat-Jones, has been set upon and seriously mauled by two large dogs. Anyone responsible for children is advised to keep as close to them as possible."

It is not too much to say that something akin to panic invaded the spectators, scattered all over the park, when they heard of this monstrous outrage. Parents, who had loosed their children to roam the course on the understanding that they should not return for at least two hours, saw visions of a much more permanent separation, and when, after an agonizing five minutes, the announcer started to give out another message, it was generally feared that another attack must have taken place. Instead he said that he had been handed a further message stating that both dogs had just been destroyed and had been identified by the names on their collars as

Codrington Hamlet and Codrington Erik, two Great Danes, the property of Lady Ada Canter-Furlong. "May I remind spectators," he went on, "that it is strictly forbidden"—but the rest of his remarks were drowned by the angry murmur of indignation that rose from the crowd.

If the incident had caused fear and dismay all over the park at Badminton, it was received by Blanche Boveal's party with quiet satisfaction. "So clever of Clovis to have thought it up," was Blanche's comment, but Clovis, smiling serenely, said on his return that perhaps they might as well pack up the luncheon basket and go home. It was unanimously conceded that the best of the day was over.

Ada Canter-Furlong has given up hunting and opened a tea-shop outside Bath. Though it is never patronized by the smart hunting set, charabancs of the rowdier sort stop there on their way to Weston-Super-Mare. It is a small place and, as Lady Ada says, "much too close to the road for me to keep a dog."

ROBIN MOUNT

Horses and People

THERE are high hopes, I understand from Lady May Priddling, for successes at the summer shows by the Bullpod Stud. The two-year-old stallion Bullpod Strangler and the big gelding Bullpod Milk Pudding are both expected to go forward. Both horses tended to go backwards last year.

Sympathy will be felt with Miss Shuva Traplake, of The Stables, Southwark, who was unfortunate enough to lose her 14 hands 2in. pony Bo Peep after taking a fall with the East Croydon Staghounds. Bo Peep was a grand mover, and may take some catching.

The Hon. Mrs. Winsley Crackling tells me that closer supervision over entries is to be exercised in this year's "Collarbones" jumping fixture. Last year no fewer than three riders were unable, when challenged, to produce evidence that their collarbones had ever been broken. Mrs. Crackling will be jumping her mare Eyebath. At present she is being hunted in Rutland.

On February 28 the Twitchmoor Hounds repeated their long established custom of celebrating the birthday of Viscount Crampsleigh with a meet at Crampsleigh Dale. Viscount Crampsleigh, now in his ninety-eighth year, was as hale and hearty as ever, and entertained many of the hounds with reminiscences of his 'chasing days.

Friends of Mrs. Prune-Kegley, known in Surrey hunting circles as a regular follower, will be glad to hear that she is making an

excellent recovery from her fall at the double beyond Whimlingham Spinney. Both arms and legs are knitting nicely, blood-pressure is down and hair beginning to grow again. After a further minor operation for the removal of wire it should not be long before she is back in the saddle. Major ("Popsy") Prune-Kegley says she is benefiting greatly from a course of animal gland concentrate.

Miss Petronella Claggery's middleweight chestnut gelding Fizzball Gay Chapple excelled himself during the "Help Our Horses" dance at the Corn Exchange, Horncastle, winning the first prize in the lucky geldings' excuse-me Roger de Coverley.

Tom Pearce's 24-year-old grey mare Flibbertigibbet has been winning golden opinions in the West Country this season. At Widecombe Gymkhana last week she came first in the open jumping despite the fact that the combined weight of her riders, Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Daniel Whidden and Harry Hawke, was a good deal more than she is accustomed to.

Best 12 hands 2 in. pony at the Pomingbury show was Miss K. Drimmer's Cackleberry, not Ch. Firefly of Duntulloch as previously reported. Ch. Firefly of Duntulloch was actually the winner of the curliest tail competition at Pomingbury Young Conservatives Fête, which explains how the error arose.

The Hon. Anthony ("Tiger") Crutchley brought off a double event at Limburgh. After gaining second place in the novices' jumping on Pancake, he entertained a lively party of his friends at tea in his nursery at Rabbits, where he was celebrating his ninth birthday.



Excalibur, Laughing Cheese and Pomodoro III were plainly enjoying every minute at the Sutton Dangerfield sales.


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HORSE SHOW AT THE WHITE CITY



MISS PAM SMITH ON THE FAMOUS 'TUSKER' ENTERS THE ARENA



MR. ROBINSON'S 'FIREBIRD' TAKING THE WATER.



COL. BOYCE-FARINGTON ON 'PRINCE CONSORT' AT THE WALL



THE MARQUIS OF BASINGSTOKE PRESENTED THE TROPHIES

WILLOWBROOK SHOW ON THE GREEN



SHIRLEY WILKINSON AND 'TEARAWAY' ENTER THE KING



TOM JENKINS' 'THISTLEDOWN' TAKING THE WATER



FOUR YEAR OLD FENELOPE BRIGHT RIDING 'MIMBLE' TACKLES AN OBSTACLE



'WELL JUMPED MARY' LAUGHED MRS. HORNBY-JAMES WHO PRESENTED THE PRIZES

The Open Race

By GIDEON TODE

CHESTNUTS—never really liked them—and why Tom bought this seven-year-old I can't quite remember. When we'd got him off the boat and home to Wiltshire he looked anything but a racehorse. But Clogherduce, his Irish name, had one merit—he'd an honest head with a bold eye—and what he liked most was having his ears pulled, a good sign in my estimation.

By next spring he'd come on a lot; he'd won our local Members Race and, on the day I'm speaking of, we were boxing him across the border into Wales in a raid to take on the cracks in an Open Race. More hopeful than confident, because you can bump up against anything in an Open Race, Tom expected good odds to his money. We had come a long way. We should have out-distanced any camp followers.

The changing room was the usual

muddy shambles and, as I spread out my kit next to a dark young man pulling on his boots, I noticed that both he and his neighbour were wearing the same colours, light blue and brown. They seemed a formidable pair. The one nearest me with a half-gipsy face was talking earnestly while his red-haired neighbour listened, his small eyes glancing suspiciously round the tent.

"Jockeys outside, please"—the familiar call and I pushed my way through to the ring to find Tom fiddling with the surcingle.

"You're late." Tom was always on edge at this stage.

"We're all right. What are our dangers?"

"Syringa, a grey horse from Cheshire—you can see him over there—and two local horses both running in the same colours."

"I changed next to those two."

"Look out for their tricks," said Tom. "You know your orders. Lie second till the last." Tom touched my ankle and I landed in the saddle. "Let him go," I said, as Clogherduce half reared, and in a minute or two we were spinning down to the start—that yellow neck stretching from side to side and pulling like the devil.

The starter let us go almost immediately and the first fence seemed to rush towards me at a tremendous pace. There were eight of us in it, all determined to reach it first, but Clogherduce rocketed over and landed a neck in front. I tried to steady him but he was still half out of control when we got to the second. This time, luckily, he didn't jump so freely and I was able to get a pull at him and let Syringa take up the running. The pace was fast, too fast in my opinion, and during the first circuit



"And doing forty-two miles per hour in a built-up area."

most of my efforts were expended in trying to get Clogherduce to settle down. All the same it was Syringa who seemed to have the edge of us all in the matter of speed, and when we passed the judges' wagon first time round he was four lengths clear of the two local horses with Clogherduce tucked in just behind.

As we went out into the country for the second and last time I took a quick glance over my shoulder. None of the other runners was within sight. Tom had certainly sorted them out correctly. Clogherduce was now running smoothly, and feeling that it would be a mistake to allow Syringa too much rope, I started to close up. Directly I moved, so did the two local horses—they seemed to be running in concert to some kind of plan—and going into the open ditch we were all four level. This was Clogherduce's favourite fence and we raced them into it. Clogherduce met it perfectly—not so Syringa. He took off a neck behind us, hit the fence hard and crashed.

Only two of them now to beat—the two in light blue and brown, a tricky enough outfit. They went a couple of lengths clear and then both riders turned round to have a look at me. I was keeping my eyes between my horse's ears—the same as Tom had always taught me—but as we went behind a copse I noticed the red-haired jockey moved sharply over to the left. Seizing my chance, I drove Clogherduce between them and we went into the fence in line. Fifty yards from the fence the red-haired jockey drifted still further to the left and at the last minute swerved and ran out. This caused Clogherduce to take his attention off the fence. Hitting it hard we lost three lengths.

There were four easy fences, slightly downhill, to the winning-post, and this is where the gipsy-faced boy seemed to make an error. He might have gone on and made me catch up those precious lengths but instead he chose to wait for me and we jumped the fourth last together. He looked across at me and hissed "How are you going?" Wasting no breath, I looked between my horse's ears, and my boot just brushed his as we landed over the third last.

Now Tom had said "Lie second till the last," but circumstances alter things, here was this lad level with me, sitting with a double handful, while

Clogherduce was almost off the bit. Realizing my only hope was to take him on, we went into the second last as if it wasn't there. Clogherduce, who has a good eye for a fence, even when tired, stood back and we gained a length. And then we were going into the last. I couldn't make out what the crowd was shouting—I only knew we were meeting that last fence wrong. Clogherduce got too close to it, bashed his way through it, (they couldn't have packed that fence up tight) and we landed in the straight a bare length ahead. But the other horse started to creep up on me. A hundred yards from the post he was at my quarters, he reached my girths, and on still he came. I kept my head down and hissed into my horse's ear, the way Tom had taught me, and as we passed the post I knew that neck was just our way.

Tom had to hang around till the last race to collect the cup and I was standing by the box, watching the crowd leave the course, when a large car pulled out of the line and drove up to where I stood. The driver, a stranger, called out to me in a whisky-flushed voice,



"Congratulations. You rode a grand race. I hope you won as much as we did."

"Not a great deal in it at the finish," I said, for want of anything better to say. "Directly Syringa fell I knew you were sure to win."

"Did you?" I was annoyed at his cock-sureness. "Most of the way I thought those two in light blue and brown were going better than me."

He laughed. "I knew they wouldn't win. After all, I ought to know," and he gave a repulsive wink, "I own them both."

Lady on Horseback

YOUR strong small hands
In yellow string gloves
Like primroses
Have bridled and broken
My stable of loves
With arrogant ease.

*But why must you talk
In the sort of tone
That suggests one's ear
Is a telephone?*

Your Wedgwood eyes,
The legacy of
Your ramified sires,
With unthinking glances
Hunt my poor love
Through the cruel shires.

*But who made your prejudice
Absolute law?
And why do you dance
Like a bale of straw?*

O laughing huntress
Perfection shadows
Your every move
And where you have galloped
The hoof-torn meadows
Are also love.

*But meeting you horseless
I've always found
That love has suddenly
Gone to ground.*

PETER DICKINSON

Breeding Arab Horses

By RONALD DUNCAN

IF you buy a car it is unlikely that you will end up as a geologist looking for oil in Saudi Arabia, or find yourself tapping rubber trees in Malaya. But it is another matter if you buy a horse. The consequences can be as serious as unforeseen. I bought an Arab mare in 1937, and to my surprise still find myself trying to grow hay on North Devon cliffs.

Now I have several brood mares with foals eating their heads off, and it is as difficult for me to remember how I got myself plaited into a horse's tail as it is for a dipsomaniac to remember his first gin.

I suppose the trouble began on my second birthday, when I was given a large, grey rocking-horse. At first I tried to feed it with straw which I tore furtively from the belly of one of my sister's dolls. But by the age of three I had to admit to myself that Dobbin was only wooden. It seems that I have spent the last thirty-eight years obstinately trying to overcome that limitation, to replace that wood by flesh. We leave the nursery, the nursery does not leave us.

Only as I write this do I recall that the reason why I never learned much at my prep school was that I seldom reached it, but played truant and spent my time with a decrepit old nag with a black mane. It stood between the shafts of a butcher's cart, which the owner allowed me to lead from door to door while he delivered the joints. From that distraction I graduated to standing idly round smithies. Later I failed to matriculate because I used to read *Just My Story*, the autobiography (with 17 plates) of Steve Donoghue. This scholastic omission was eventually repaired by a crammer, enabling me to proceed to the university, where I was free to hire a grey hunter in Trumpington



Street and gallop it wildly over Newmarket Heath.

With a poor degree and the remnants of my patrimony I was urged to join the National Discount Company in the City. But Dobbin had other ideas. I was trying to persuade Lady Margaret Savile to sell me a filly from her husband's Arab Stud. Mr. Kellog of California outbid me, but Lady Savile generously accepted my cheque to keep the blood in this country. Her generosity impoverished me. I was now completely lost.

It is one thing to buy a horse: to buy an Arab is to be owned yourself. With the war round the corner it was necessary that I should buy a farm in order to feed my Arab. And owning such blood it would have been foolish not to breed from it . . .

I had wandered into the world of Messrs. Tattersalls and stud books, of pedigrees and service fees, a world

where Lady Yule and Lady Wentworth reigned supreme, with the late Ibn Saud the power behind the throne. It is an expensive world; with groom fees and transport, insurance and service, it may cost you 100 guineas to get a mare in foal. By the time the foal is weaned and halter broken you have probably spent £200 on her. Now that people are buying polo ponies in North Africa and flying them to England one finds oneself selling an Arab to a young lady who wants a hack and can afford to pay between 30 and 40 guineas . . .

But I am happy. To my eye an Arab is all of grace laced with muscle. The power and punch of poetry lies in their electric eye and alarmed nostril. What I have written has been written on their backs. It is not possible to like music and dislike horses. To me they are the same thing, except that in one the rhythm is warm to the touch too. Of course I called my first filly *Jeu de Cartes* after Stravinsky's ballet; of course I agreed to write the libretto for Britten's *Rape of Lucretia*, because of the opportunity to write Tarquinius's ride to Rome.

Now, to support the stud which occasionally grows to extravagant proportions, it is necessary to write other things too. You can feed a rocking-horse for a year on one handful of straw. But, as I have discovered, the flesh has other demands. It is a tyranny I have learned to accept.

"Women, Evening Shift, 5.30 to 9.30, for Back-washing, Regilling, and Tophat Mind-ing . . ."—Advertisement in the *Bradford Telegraph and Argus*

Something to do with a Turkish bath for old trouts?



Modern Types

Miss Rowbotham

By GEOFFREY GORER

FOR Miss Rowbotham the word "experiment" is the most alluring in the English language. When she hears it her eyes gleam brighter behind her rimless spectacles, her thin cheeks rattle, and her always rather noticeable breathing becomes perceptibly louder and quicker. Any activity which is described to her as an experiment becomes almost automatically "worth while" and "stimulating"; such an activity is sure of her benevolent attention and, if it is in any way practical, of her enthusiastic co-operation.

In the circles which Miss Rowbotham graces there is a traditional (bad) and an experimental (progressive) way of doing nearly everything, from bringing babies into the world and rearing infants to care of the sick and dying; from methods of agriculture to methods of cooking and dieting; from techniques of painting or writing to techniques of government; from relations between the sexes to relations between sovereign states; and always—all ways—Miss Rowbotham is in favour of the experimental.

The word "experiment" carries a fine scientific overtone, with the suggestion of careful measurements and comparisons, and the modification of one variable at a time; but although Miss Rowbotham has a regard for science, and indeed makes free with the term, the one thing in common to all the "experiments" she inaugurates or supports is that they are experimental only in the sense of being untried.

In her private and professional life Miss Rowbotham can only try experiments on a small scale. As a child guidance counsellor and social worker she has lamentably little opportunity to put into practice the truly progressive experiments in human relations and applied psychology of which she reads in the many semi-technical journals to which she subscribes. And even when the opportunity arises people tend to be so unco-operative: old-fashioned parents won't realize how important it is to allow—indeed encourage—growing children to be as dirty and destructive as possible, though experimentally one would expect children with such opportunities to be much better adjusted;

neither husbands nor wives seem to understand the value of experimental unions, though only so can really wise choices be made. Physically Miss Rowbotham is a virgin.

It is not very often that Miss Rowbotham entertains friends to a meal, but when she does the fare is nearly always experimental. Sometimes the experiment consists merely of wilful variations on an inaccurately recollected recipe; more frequently Miss Rowbotham is on an experimental diet, either grouping foods according to their chemical constituents (all proteins one meal, all carbohydrates the next and so on) or concentrating on what she quaintly calls "natural" foods, meaning food grown or prepared by the techniques available in 1850. Miss Rowbotham is a great one for Nature, and many of her smaller scale experiments are designed to have "natural" outcomes; when however the scale is grandiose enough it does not matter whether the outcome of the experiment be intended to further nature or no.

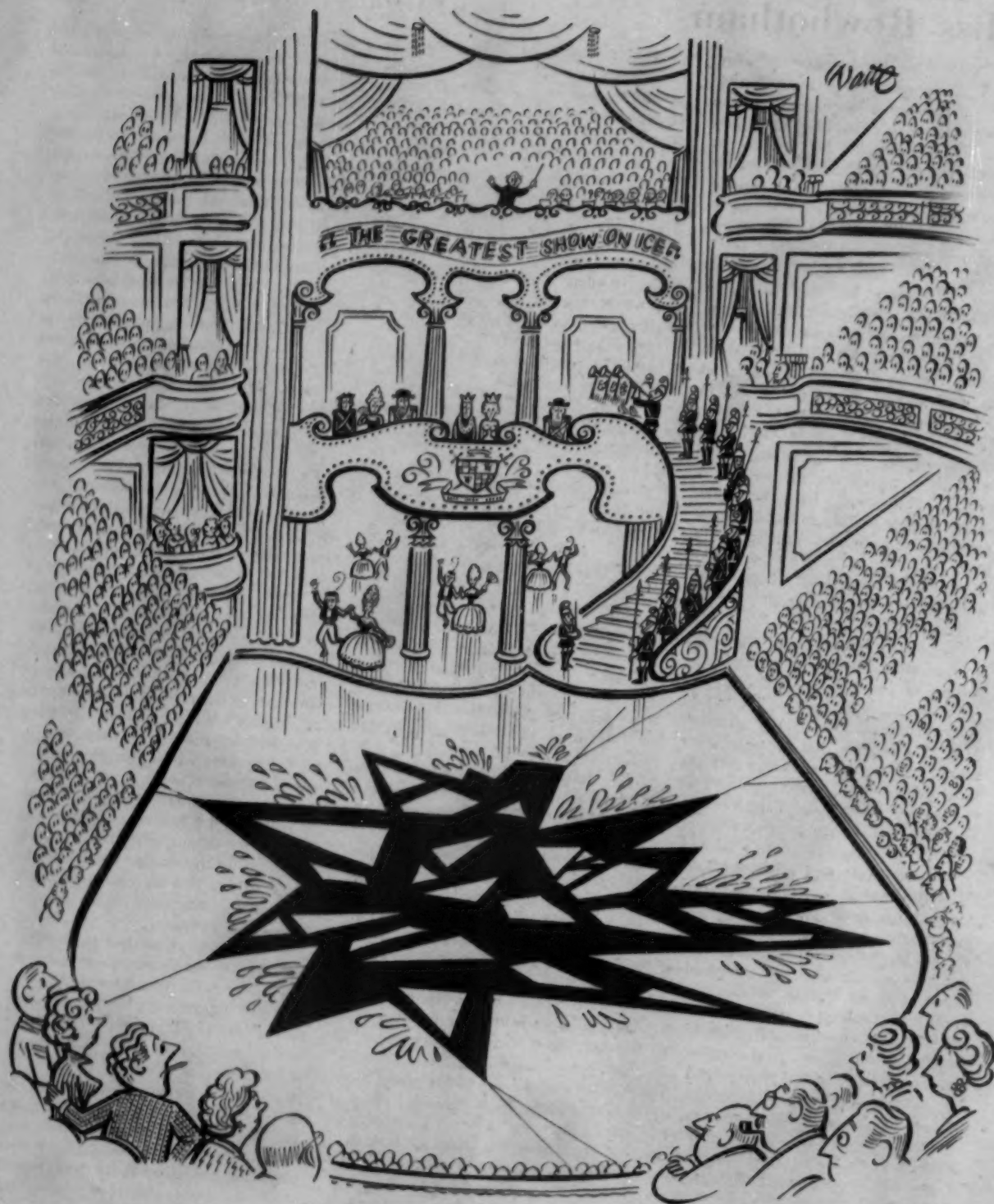
Her greatest enthusiasm goes, of course, to the "Russian experiment." The designation of the Soviet government by this term—she herself invariably employs it—automatically predisposes her in its favour, and she uses a far more lenient standard in judging what she can learn of its activities than she employs for similar actions by governments which appear to be guided by tradition. Miss Rowbotham is an authority on the Russian experiment, for she spent a month—the happiest days of her life—on an Intourist tour of European Russia in the mid 'thirties. Neither she nor any of her companions could actually speak Russian, nor had any of them any previous knowledge of the country which could give them a basis for comparison; but they saw no reason to doubt anything their guide—a most charming young woman—told

them about the great progress which had been made, everybody she addressed on their behalf answered her, and in the whole time they were there they neither saw anybody die of starvation nor be arrested by the "so-called" G.P.U. Consequently, on her return Miss Rowbotham was able to deny authoritatively the stories of large-scale purges and starvation which were appearing in the "capitalist" Press; and her assiduous attendance at meetings for promoting Anglo-Soviet friendship keep her completely up to date on the successful development of the régime.

In recent years she has been not embittered but hurt that she has not been able to have equal first-hand experience of the Chinese experiment; she would most willingly sacrifice her meagre savings if she could see with her own eyes that there are no flies on China. Unfortunately she has no official position, nor has she achieved sufficient eminence in her own field to be invited as a guest of the Chinese People's government; and though she accepts all the reasons which this government advances for refusing visas (reasons which she would denounce as detestable if advanced by her own government, and as monstrous, nay fascist, when advanced by that of the United States) she does feel that an exception might be made in the case of so ardent a well-wisher as herself.

It is strange that Miss Rowbotham has taken no active part in politics. At one moment she was interested in the anarchist experiment; but she has long passed that stage, and now only thinks evil the government of her own country or of countries allied to it. Her inadequacy as a public speaker—when she gets excited her shrill voice becomes bat-like—probably prevented her ever being adopted as a candidate. It is a pity, for the ground-nut experiment would have been exactly her cup of tea.



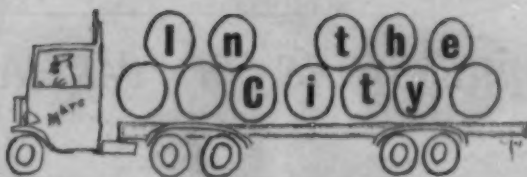


There's a Blue Chip on My Shoulder

ONE of the less objectionable features of the "managed economy" experienced by this country between 1940 and 1951 was the inability of the "managers" to disguise the approach of dirty economic weather and the penalties imposed by total war and totalitarian peace on our standard of living. Controls levied according to the nicely calculated and fully publicized less or more of the bureaucratic statisticians hit us all where it hurts. They were unavoidable, and obvious enough to the most myopic.

Things are different to-day. The purposive direction of the economy is now flexible and "atmospheric" rather than precise and pre-ordained: and the facts and figures that catch the public eye are often irrelevant, superficial or misleading. For three years the absence of an alarming gap has allowed us to brood on the Stock Markets, on indices, margins, shunting operations, the converging yields of equities and gilt-edged securities, and the possibility of some move in Bank rate. And the return of the old balance-of-payments problem now catches us unawares, below the belt.

Quite suddenly—or so it seems—we



hear that the terms of trade are once again moving against this country, that imports are rising and costing more, that exports are marking time and bringing in fewer units of foreign currency. Import prices have risen by four per cent since last June, while export prices have stayed put.

Odd, isn't it, when it is *we* who are accused of inflation, to find *our* prices firm and those of our suppliers rocketing! It's a topsy-turvy world. And the plot thickens when we learn that Britain's imported food is retailed more cheaply than the food of the U.S.A. and self-sufficing France. We import seventy-five per cent of our wheat and flour and enjoy a loaf at 8½d. that costs the French 1s. 3d. and the Americans 2s. 6d.

This second anomaly can be explained easily enough by reference to the food subsidies, which are collected from the taxpayer in this country rather than

from the consumer. But the first problem is a little more puzzling. Britain indulges in inflation, allows export goods to be diverted to the home market by easier hire-purchase terms, and contrives to keep its export prices stable. Our suppliers also indulge in inflation, and they too consume more of what they are producing, but the demand for their products rises so rapidly that Britain has to pay more . . . and more . . . for its imports.

A year or two ago the terms of trade were with us, on our side. The chill post-war famine was at an end, and supplies of industrial products were relatively more scarce than supplies of foodstuffs and raw materials. It was almost the good old days all over again—the palmy days of Victorian Britain when an armful of cheap tin trays would bring home the bacon in quantity.

And now? Well, the belts we have to tighten are the ones on the lathes of our factories. We have to produce more, faster, and so cheaply that our own inherent brand of inflation does not price our products out of increasingly discriminating markets.

MAMMON



Horse Laugh

MY vet says he has every sympathy with Professor Frosnett, who was recently sent as representative of UNESCO to some remote island in the Pacific where aporadic orgies of cannibalism are known to occur. The Professor was instructed to make a report on the reason why the natives occasionally indulged in this diet in spite of repeated strictures against such practices from the Presbyterian mission there, and the fact that the island was sufficiently fertile to provide other forms of nourishment. Meanwhile a Permanent Committee sitting in Paris waited anxiously for his Memorandum. It was confidently expected that this would shed new light on the Roots of Culture and the Background of Primitive Mythology besides making international understanding in that area a trifle easier.

Twelve months elapsed and no report arrived, and it was generally feared that another scientist had sacrificed his life in the pursuit of knowledge



or, as the Chairman appropriately put it: "It seems dear Frosnett has gone the way of all human flesh."

However, their cursory obsequies were curtailed by the sudden arrival of the long-anticipated report from the Professor himself, proving he was not only alive but pursuing his researches with his customary energy. The Committee was convened. The Memorandum was read: "The reason why the natives eat each other is because they taste absolutely divine."

"I don't see what that story has to do with my horses," I said, somewhat nettled by the vet's facetiousness. "Once you see how they're behaving, you'll realize I haven't dragged you here unnecessarily."

We sloshed through the mud towards the field, our torches reflected in the mist. I was carrying a couple of halters and a pail of corn with which to entice



the horses to the gate. I was most anxious that they should receive attention, for they are valuable animals, being a pair of the last shire horses

in the district.

"Need we go right out to the field?" the vet complained. "From your description of their symptoms I tell you that a day in the loose-box will soon put them to rights."

But I insisted. And dragged him out to the gate and began banging my pail. At this sound both horses bared their teeth and neighed hilariously. Then, cocking one eye, began to trot towards us. They didn't get very far: the first mare seemed to knit with her two front feet, then rolled on her flanks. The other merely sat on its rump and drooled.

"The reason why horses get drunk," said the vet, "is that they've nothing else to do. My advice is to get them to a loose-box when they're sober enough to stand, and remember to fence off that clamp of fermented mangolds or they're bound to get tight again."

RONALD DUNCAN



Monday, February 28

Neither side seemed very interested in the Second Reading of the Public Works Loans Bill,

House of Commons: Public Works Loans

though it is possible that if more Opposition Members had realized that it would be the occasion for an announcement of increased rates of interest they would have attended for the purpose of pointing out the suffering this would cause to old-age pensioners. As it was, the Tories got in first; Mr. NABARRO protested against the "hiccups and gyrations" caused by moving the rates up and down with the Bank Rate, and Sir WILL DARLING took the opportunity to fling the "profligacy" of the L.C.C. in Mr. HENRY BROOKE's face. But the doings of the L.C.C. can no longer be laid at the door of that bland and obliging Minister.

Tuesday, March 1

The House was full to overflowing for the debate on the Defence White Paper.

House of Commons: Defence

The Prime Minister was in his most leonine form when he opened the debate. He spoke with firm restraint

and controlled passion, gesturing little except once, when he slapped the two ends of the dispatch-box in front of him to indicate the volume of plutonium necessary to a nation wishing to achieve world domination. But he offered little in the way of hope. It would be three or four years before the Soviet was in a position to launch a major war with hydrogen bombs, he told the House, and we should then have reached a position of "saturation," where, though neither side was stronger than the other, both were strong enough to deliver a mortal blow.

What then? Sir WINSTON did not say what then. He committed himself firmly to a "deterrent policy" where, in a phrase that split the ears of the groundlings, "safety would be the sturdy child of terror and survival the twin brother of annihilation." Meanwhile, he said, never flinch, never weary, never despair. The House heard him with silent respect.

Mr. SHINWELL was right when he complained that there was nothing original in Sir WINSTON's speech. Originality is hardly a quality you would ask for if you were falling over a cliff and wanted advice on how to avoid doing so, and the Prime Minister at any rate counselled courage, which is all we can hope for at the moment. Mr. SHINWELL's own contribution bore its usual hallmark; he treats defence questions as a tyro connoisseur treats wine, going through all the conventional

motions of sniffing and peering and trying it on the tongue, using the jargon with easy familiarity, and only failing in one small but important respect, the distinction of good from bad. Even his description of the Prime Minister giving "the best strip-tease act I have seen" was more notable for its imaginative quality than for its appropriateness.

Little that was unexpected came out of the ensuing discussion except a curious hint, from both sides of the House, that the new First Sea Lord was plotting to take over the R.A.F. (Lord MOUNTBATTEN, wriggling uncomfortably in the Peers' Gallery with one foot projecting out over the cross-benches twenty feet below, would doubtless be delighted to take the Army as well, and never think twice about it.) But by the time Mr. WYATT, who seemed to have just had a bath and brushed his hair to celebrate his unusual elevation to the Front Bench, had finished his routine about aircraft-shortages, it was hard to see why Lord MOUNTBATTEN should take the trouble, when the pickings were to be so inadequate. Mr. WYATT's fancy, incidentally, that the Navy had outlived its usefulness, with its hint that the R.A.F. might become the boss Service, was hardly likely to please the noble Lord, who would not look well in light-blue and a bushy moustache.

Wednesday, March 2

The discussion gained in interest as it progressed. After Mr. SELWYN

House of Commons: Defence Again

LLOYD, the Great Quartermaster, had reviewed his stores, to at any rate his own satisfaction—though the still-shining Mr. WYATT registered few outward signs of



"... best strip-tease performance I have seen..."—Mr. Shinwell

conviction—and Mr. STRACHEY had told the House in Italian what a splendid thing it would be if we all went about crying "Peace, peace, peace!" there came the first hint of what Mr. MACMILLAN aptly dubbed the Socialist fall-out. After some rather unworthy jibes at the Prime Minister's speech, which brought Sir WINSTON dramatically to his feet with an account, delivered as firmly and unhesitatingly as any of his prepared speeches, of his recent illness and its effect on his activities, Mr. BEVAN posed the sixty-four-dollar question to his own leaders: Does your amendment mean that you will support the use of nuclear weapons even against an aggression made only with conventional weapons? If it did, he said, he would not vote for it.

Unfortunately neither Mr. ATTLEE nor Mr. MORRISON was there to hear him say it, and when later Mr. ATTLEE came to wind up for his side, he rather pointedly omitted to answer the question. Naturally Mr. BEVAN popped up and asked him, point-blank. Mr. ATTLEE said "My right Hon. Friend is asking me that question," as if anyone present could have failed to observe the fact, and only added, with extraordinary irrelevance, that he was simply speaking in general terms of the general thesis



"I go on my way crying 'Peace, peace, peace!'"—Mr. Strachey (after Petrarch).

that the deterrent effect of the possession of thermo-nuclear weapons was the best way of preventing war. Consequently when the vote on the Opposition amendment was put, almost all the Labour Members sitting below the gangway, consisting mostly of Bevanites and pacifists, remained in their places, leaving the amendment to be crushed by 303 votes to 196. It was the widest crack to have been disclosed in the Labour Party so far. What was so odd was that even the Bevanites were not united, such basic supporters as Mr. RICHARD CROSSMAN, for instance, voting with the ATTLEE party. As for the SILVERMAN-EMRYS HUGHES faction, who have only just got the Party whip back, they will have to do better than this if they are at all ambitious to retain it.

Thursday, March 3

The excitement of the debate on the Defence White Paper has had the effect of removing most of the interest from the debates

House of Commons:
Naval Estimates

on the Services estimates. At any other time the story that the First Lord of the Admiralty had to tell about guided-missile ships and similar twentieth-century wonders might have seemed sensational; but all the sensation had already been used up. Mr. J. P. L. THOMAS, who presented the estimates for the fourth year running, bathed the House in his customary amiability, infecting everyone present with it to such effect that even Mr. CALLAGHAN, on whom urbanity sits like a bowler hat on a performing bear, couched his criticisms in terms of something like restraint. As a matter of fact a good deal of what Mr. CALLAGHAN said, especially about dispersion of ships and dockyards, was very sound sense, and was obviously accepted as such by the First Lord. Mr. THOMAS, to everyone's relief, avoided the use of the word "lethality."

Later on Mr. GEORGE THOMAS (no relation) moved an amendment calling attention to the need for improving the living conditions on the lower deck, which led Mr. WINGFIELD-DIGBY, the Civil Lord, into a promising survey of the prospect of supplying beer to ratings. This was abruptly and incomprehensibly ruled out of order by the Deputy Speaker. "Living conditions include drinking conditions," thundered Colonel LIPTON, but without avail. Admiral HUGHES-HALLETT, who made his maiden speech on Tuesday, intervened again, equally effectively, on the subject of lower-deck morale.

The debate continued until 2 a.m.



Friday, March 4

Mr. STEPHEN DAVIES and Mr. CLEDWYN HUGHES, Q.C., that earnest brace of Welsh National Socialists, introduced a

House of Commons:
Welsh Civil War

somewhat ludicrous measure devised to provide Wales with its own government. They inflated their argument with a considerable volume of hot air, but it collapsed into uncommon flatness when Mr. DAVID LLEWELLYN, the able Tory Member for Glamorgan, rose and, ignoring the actual terms of the bill, gave the House a sample of the background that lay behind it. He was followed by Mr. WILLIAM MAINWARING from Rhondda, who, in the most uncompromising of Welsh accents, denied the racial purity of the Welsh nation and pointed out the impossibility of their ever being financially independent of Great Britain. Was he torn limb from limb? Not at all, Mr. JIM GRIFFITHS, Mr. GEORGE THOMAS (with a daffodil in his button-hole), and other undoubtedly Cymric Members from both sides of the House nodded and smiled in agreement. When the Home Secretary rose to expose the dubious figures upon which the great tide of Welsh Nationalism was founded, he was speaking to a House that was already almost entirely on his side.

B. A. YOUNG



BOOKING OFFICE

The Great Gregory

Honours for Sale. Gerald Macmillan.
Richards Press, 16/-

THERE are really two sides to this enthralling book: first, the whole question of the sale of honours; secondly, the personal life of Maundy Gregory (1877-1941), the subject of the biography. The first matter is not quite so simple as might at first sight appear. To put the situation in its simplest form, it was only during the reign of Queen Victoria that the idea grew up that a peerage was a definite reward for public service. Before that a man of very large estate automatically wielded a great deal of political influence, and could expect, if he so wished—William Beckford provides an eighteenth-century example—to become a peer without unreasonable difficulty, though not without money passing hands.

Baronetcies were, of course, actually instituted by James I for the specific purpose of raising funds for certain enterprises; though it was laid down that they should be offered only to persons of appropriate wealth and position. As the party system grew up it became a natural element of helping a political party (not necessarily the only help given) to contribute to its chest. Accordingly, certain rich men who became peers largely by contributing to party funds continued what was to some extent an historical tradition of, in some sense, "buying" a peerage.

Whether the promotion, in this manner, of various rich nonentities to the Upper House had in a general way any worse results than the promotion of various nonentities of modest means put there in our own day, not because they "deserve" peerages but simply to strengthen a given party, must rest a matter of opinion. There can, however, be no doubt whatever that the methods employed by Lloyd George, when Prime Minister, passed all bounds in the scandalous and utterly cynical manner in which honours (ranging from viscountcies downwards) were hawked round literally for sale; sometimes to men of the most dubious reputation.

Maundy Gregory was one of the

touts—no doubt by far the most picturesque—used as a go-between for those who wished to purchase an honour and swell the Liberal—or rather the Lloyd George—party fund.

That brilliant novel of Scott Fitzgerald's, *The Great Gatsby*, describes how the narrator finds himself involved with Gatsby, the boundlessly rich and



romantic gangster, who gives huge parties to which the whole world of New York comes.

Maundy Gregory was Gatsby in real life. He was a mad aspect of the nineteen-twenties incarnate. Unfortunately he was not good-looking, like Gatsby, and he did not have a romantic passion for a beautiful lady (instead he collected "several hundred" statuettes of Narcissus), but he lived the same career of reckless spending—and, like Gatsby, he too had the Montenegrin Order of Danilo.

He owned a club called the Ambassador. Those who enjoy a good laugh should read the list of guests (given here in the appendix) at the club's Derby Eve Dinner in 1931. Major-General "Jack" Seely (later Lord Mottistone) was in the chair, but it was really Maundy Gregory's party. He certainly may be said to have "brought them in."

Mr. Gerald Macmillan has collected together a great deal of material about this extraordinary man, but much remains to be discovered. The author's general account of what might be called the political side of the story is well and succinctly told (an index would have been acceptable), but Gregory himself, and some of his associates, do not come alive quite as they should. The fact is that a large chunk of Gregory's life remains wrapt in mystery.

Making quite a successful start as a theatrical manager, he left the stage after the failure of a play. What he did between then—about 1909—and the end of the First World War no one seems to know. Already he had a good deal of money. Was he really ever in some form of the Secret Service? His period in the Army (on paper) as trooper in the Household Battalion (Reserve) and private in the Irish Guards at Caterham (he was five-foot-eight) certainly seems mysterious enough. I can remember his paper *The Whitehall Gazette*, "under the patronage of the Hetman of the Ukraine," and a very extraordinary periodical it was.

Finally, did Gregory murder his friend Mrs. Rosse? There can be no doubt that she left him £18,000 at a very opportune moment. Mr. Macmillan sets out the evidence, and everyone must judge for himself. After his two months in Wormwood Scrubs Gregory retired to France, where, with remarkable moderation, he styled himself Sir Arthur Gregory. He had by that time become a Roman Catholic. His accountant later went to gaol for writing menacing letters to the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem regarding the Knighthood of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre conferred on Gregory.

ANTHONY POWELL

Village Despot

Dust is My Pillow. Phyllis Hastings.
Dent, 12/6

This is the story of a simple country family which will appeal to those who like a full measure of the natural passions resultant from an isolated existence.

Isaac Shipton is portrayed as a

patriarchal despot whose one desire is to beget sufficient sons to enable him to be independent of outside help on his farm. His conversation seems to consist almost entirely of Old Testament quotations and his prophecies make him almost an idol to those of his sons who have had no experience of life outside the precincts of the farm. On the early death of his second wife Isaac brings home a well-educated young wife, and with the introduction of another girl obvious complications arise for the father, who had always intended his sons to live a monastic existence. The novel moves from a rather overt pattern to its anticipated conclusion.

A. V.

Compton Mackenzie. Leo Robertson. *Richards Press, 12/6*

Sir Compton Mackenzie is so productive that he out-distances all but his most devoted readers. In an age when achievement in literature is mostly intensive an extensive writer is apt to suffer from a popular belief that quality and quantity are opposed. Sir Compton pours it out, social comedies and histories and journalism and realistic novels about churchmanship and chorus girls in Edwardian London. He is entitled to be judged both on his range and on his successes. No other novelist of his standing is so versatile; no other writer of his standing has hidden his best work among so much that is merely competent.

Mr. Robertson is an enthusiast. His book is too short to do more than rush through the landscape, which becomes a blur. It is repetitive and depends too much on assertion and not enough on examination of his material. He might have done better to devote at least fifty pages to discussing one book thoroughly; but at least he succeeds in establishing his view that there is plenty to be discussed.

R. G. G. P.

A World of Love. Elizabeth Bowen. *Cape, 10/6*

The unusual background of Miss Elizabeth Bowen's new novel is a heat wave in Ireland which turns even the dank local town "into a picture postcard such as one might receive from Hell." It is, indeed, in Hell that the inhabitants of Montefort spend a good deal of their time, tormented by the demon Maud, one of Miss Bowen's most terrifying children. Maud makes her first appearance sucking raw eggs and saving the wax from candles, which she points out is useful for images. The elders of the family, Antonia (the owner of Montefort), Fred and Lilia Danby, a couple she has bound together and to herself from sentiment and self-interest, have become emotionally exhausted in a situation where the tension never relaxes.

Jane, the young and beautiful daughter of Lilia and Fred, discovers a packet of love letters from the dead cousin Guy, whose ghostly influence has never lost

its grip on the broken-down estate. These letters cause a crisis. Whether she is describing the horrid details of the Montefort kitchen, or decorations lavished by the local Messalina on a newly-bought castle, Miss Bowen's eye is microscopic and her pen merciless.

A. P.

Luke Branwhite—His Joyous Life and Happy Death. Neil Bell. *Eyre & Spottiswoode, 11/6*

Suspense, which in real life causes butterflies at the waist-line, is almost essential in a good novel; there is none here. Luke, in many ways indeed a fortunate creature, wins a scholarship to a public school and, by way of Balliol, a great aeroplane works, two wars, politics, the Cabinet, becomes Duke of Warwick and dies happily at the door of his mansion as Our Queen arrives to spend the night. Coincidence plays a leading part in his story as when, at Hollywood with his third wife and the son of his second marriage, he meets a young man obviously his child by a friend's wife, and discovers the lost half-German daughter of his first marriage; and they all, including Luke, fall in love with the charming young woman. Mr. Bell saves up a surprise for his last two pages which explains the lack of suspense but hardly compensates us for it.

B. E. S.

AT THE PLAY

The Bishop's Bonfire
(GAIETY, DUBLIN)
As You Like It (OLD VIC)

IN Dublin the dividing line between fair comment from the gallery and a demonstration of hostility appears to be drawn fairly rigidly at dead cats and tomatoes, neither of which were expended on the first night of SEAN O'CASEY's new play, *The Bishop's Bonfire*—overt criticism being limited to one stink bomb, dropping on the stage in a beautiful parabola, one smallish firework and a lot of intermittent booing and hissing. This seemed queer treatment for the native author of plays as great as *The Plough and the Stars* and *Junno and the Paycock*, but above all it seemed a great waste of energy, for whether you were for or against its anti-clericalism *The Bishop's Bonfire* deserved little fuss, either way. As an attack it blunders; as entertainment it has only occasional flashes of O'CASEY's old magnificence; as a play it is a sad muddle, beginning as village comedy and passing via Aldwych farce to an ending of preposterous melodrama. And as if all that were not indigestible enough, we have also to swallow a musical statuette of a trumpeting saint to whose blasts some are miraculously deaf.

Out to show Irish youth and Irish thought strangled by tyrannous priests



and corrupt business men, O'CASEY unfortunately hamstringing any serious discussion by making his enemies' representatives merely cardboard figures of fun. His priest, improbably created a monsignor to celebrate the bishop's visit, is as much a caricature as his parish councillor (equally improbably a count of the church), who cannot even order a dinner but wears a top hat and morning coat. If these two had been given life instead of being drawn from a bad cartoon we might at least have got an argument.

Lost among the buffooneries of the ham-fisted dipsomaniacs who prepare the councillor's house for the bishop is the stuff of a better and perhaps tragic play: in the disillusionment of the curate shocked out of orthodoxy by the behaviour of his seniors, and in the fate of the councillor's two daughters—one vowed to eternal chastity for the somewhat slender reason that her lover had abandoned his priestly training to join the R.A.F., the other longing for a larger world but unable to galvanize her feeble swain into escape. The bishop doesn't appear. He gets as far as a welcoming bonfire of unfavoured literature, and then, lit by its triumphant blaze, the play swerves into wanton violence. Affronted by the elder Miss Reiligan's marmoreal attitude, the ex-airman grabs a revolver (hung conveniently on another saintly statuette) and teaches her a sharp lesson. A little startling, but no more; one was only fascinated that as she slithered to the ground she contrived to write so long a letter, confessing suicide, that it must have been in shorthand.

Often the dialogue carries small conviction, but now and then the language

of the battered philosophers who potter in and out stir splendid memories of Fluther and the Paycock, and I look forward to reading the memorable debate on the Russian invasion of Ireland. In bitterness and anger O'CASEY may grow myopic, but in the straight comedy of futility he can still roll out slabs of grand nonsense. Here SEAMUS KAVANAGH, HARRY HUTCHINSON and CYRIL CURACK are eloquently at home. MAUREEN CURACK and SHEILA BRENNAN play the sisters bravely, and until the final confusion DENIS BRENNAN makes the murderer a clear-cut character. The weakest points are the priest and the councillor. Thankless parts, but more could have been done by actors and producer to give them some body. I got the impression that TYRONE GUTHRIE had caught his author's indecision, and so made all too certain of the easy laugh.

ROBERT HELPMANN's *As You Like It* is light, rather coolly romantic, very pleasing to look at, and funny without being strained. As Rosalind and Orlando VIRGINIA MCKENNA and JOHN NEVILLE are happily matched, and GWEN CHERRELL makes a charming gooseberry of Celia. Touchstone, PAUL ROGERS, with the wry antic voice of an eccentric aunt. From ERIC PORTER, a perfectly sound Jaques, though not sunk in so deep a

melancholy that a pint of champagne, I felt, might not have dispersed. Add a bizarre but successful Martext, by JOHN WOOD, a wonderfully idiotic Phebe by ELEANORE BRYAN, and a Corin of surprising pathos by PAUL DANEMAN; and, finally, two delightful backcloths, a wood almost realistic but yet with magic in its twists, and some lovely dresses, all these by DOMENICO GNOLI, and the journey across the river is obviously worth making.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Serious Charge (Garrick—23/2/55), a mental thriller neatly put together. *Sailor Beware!* (Strand—23/2/55), a funny and terrifying study of a tyrant tamed by her son-in-law. And *Wonderful Town* (Princes—2/3/55), an American musical, very mild but with an interesting score. All brand new.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE BALLET

Ballabile
(COVENT GARDEN)

THE Sadler's Wells Ballet has brought back into the Covent Garden repertory its sole French ballet. It was devised for the company by ROLAND PETIT and first performed in 1950, since

when it has been little seen. It well deserves revival, for in its several unrelated parts it possesses a Gallic pungency which is in piquant contrast with well-established conventions in both the classical and modern choreography of the Royal Opera House.

As with all PETIT ballets the stage settings—in this example by ANTONI CALVÉ—evoke the mood and point the wit to a remarkable degree. Music by Chabrier arranged by Constant Lambert is a further distinguishing feature of a series of amusing trifles in which the Sadler's Wells team led by VIOLETTA ELVIN and ALEXANDER GRANT catch the spirit of scenes in which, by the river under the chestnuts with bicycles and fishing rods, in a rainy street under umbrellas and with a funeral procession, in a circus ring on the green and finally in a highly impressionistic Spain, comedy is predominant but curiously under a sort of classical control. The whole production is an essay of professional accomplishment of the highest quality and provides captivating entertainment for eye and ear and intelligence. Covent Garden is not so well furnished with light and witty ballets that it can afford to allow *Ballabile* to remain in neglect.

C. B. MORTLOCK

AT THE OPERA

The Magic Flute
(SADLER'S WELLS)

LIKE most general-purposes sets, the one built by Motley for this pleasantly-sung *Flute* is distractingly ingenious. Shutters drop to hide one scene from the next. Trick temple doors are folded up in full view of the audience to give the priests elbow room. Jetty-like ramps for ceremonial entries are masked at other times by a jungle of wilting standard lamps.

The costumes have a geography quite their own. The tiny Pamina, PATRICIA HOWARD, whose soprano rides brilliantly in this theatre, was Montezuma's daughter, bobbed and goo-goo. The Tamino (THOMAS ROUND), another pure-blooded Aztec, found himself in the Nile Valley without having crossed any frontier and talking to a temple synod who, clearly, were Copts down to the last trumpet-bearer. Mr. ROUND's radiant, startled surprise, his favourite and perhaps sole expression, was vindicated at last.

In repose, at any rate, STANLEY CLARKSON's expression as Sarastro, on the other hand, was one of extreme bitterness. It cannot have been his get-up that disillusioned him. His black mitre and bleached cheetah-skin were almost *chic* indeed. Nor can it have been his voice. For *O Isis* he had a solid low F and for *In diesen heiligen* a sure low F-sharp in store. I can only conclude that what put him off was the verbal stuff he had to sing or intone. Certainly the Giesecke-Schikaneder text is something



Councillor Relligan—EDDIE BYRNE

The Dodger—CYRIL CURACK

of a worry, but at least its nonsense is self-renewing, as topical as the morning papers. Sentiments that originated in the Rousseau-Robespierre stable nowadays smack of Mrs. Margaret Knight and Ethical Church sermons.

DENIS DOWLING sang the Papageno music almost Mozartianly, which is much, and when flummoxed reminded me of the late Will Hay, which is something. There is rather more in Monostatos than the novice may gather from EREACH RILEY's modest shot. I think back wistfully to a home-bred Monostatos of my boyhood, Sydney Russell, a grotesque and pop-eyed blackamoor whose miming excused, nay exalted, a negligible tenor. Could not the producer (GEORGE DEVINE) give Mr. RILEY a bit more rope? The Queen of the Night is JUNE BRONHILL. Given a touch more security her staccato top Cs and arpeggios up to top F will begin to sound like jabs with a Number O knitting needle, as Mozart intended.

The conductor, a newcomer to English opera, was Birmingham's Rudolf Schwarz, who behaved stylishly and with authority.

CHARLES REID



AT THE PICTURES

The End of the Affair
Underwater!

A GREAT deal of *The End of the Affair* (Director: EDWARD DMYTRYK) is fascinating stuff and I enjoyed it very much indeed. How enormously refreshing it is to come upon a film clearly meant to give satisfaction to an adult mind, with no subtleties omitted because a teenager wouldn't understand them, no crude effects inserted because they are thought to be what a teenager likes!

GRAHAM GREENE's novel was not one I took much pleasure in, and the religious point at the heart of it fails to move me at all; moreover, considered as a story for a film it seems on the surface to offer singularly little for a camera to work on. And yet this is so well done, and provides so much that one had almost ceased to expect from any film, that I found whole stretches of it, as I say, quite fascinating.

It is uneven: it is weakened by that device which nearly always has to be used in the film of a novel, the linking narrative spoken in the off-screen voice of one of the characters. Here, this sometimes goes to the almost comic length of one of those vague captions under story illustrations in a glossy magazine, so that one watches on the screen a character doing nothing but stare at something or other in a brooding manner while his off-screen voice may be heard making some such remark as "My jealousy turned to hate." All the scenes and episodes are linked in this sort of way; the fact that the film makes such a pleasing impression in spite of it is explained by the excellence of the acting



Sarah Miles—DEBORAH KERR

Henry Miles—PETER CUSHING

Maurice Bendrix—VAN JOHNSON

(The End of the Affair)

and direction of the scenes themselves. I remember particularly the perfect handling of certain quiet duologues, where a change of mood or emphasis is pointed by (for instance) a quick, but not abrupt, cut to the speakers' images in a mirror.

The three principal parts are beautifully taken by DEBORAH KERR (the unfaithful, conscience-haunted wife), VAN JOHNSON (the lover), and PETER CUSHING: I doubt whether Miss KERR has ever done anything better, and Mr. CUSHING's portrait of the dry, undemonstrative but unexpectedly vulnerable husband is quite impressive. Among the many skilful "bit" players JOHN MILLS stands out as the comically earnest little private investigator. The picture of the London war-time scene seems somehow to be aimed at an American audience, but it is not falsified, and the photography (WILKIE COOPER) is often exceedingly attractive. I could see the whole thing again with pleasure now.

With *Underwater!* (Director: JOHN STURGES) we are back to unabashed box-office; entertaining enough, and well done, and full of the interest of a picturesquely unfamiliar scene and circumstances, but not in the same street aesthetically and providing nothing (as it were) to take away in your head afterwards. Casual amusement, the pleasure of a transitory sweet taste, rather than the far more satisfying pleasure of actively exercising your mind and powers of appreciation.

This is a straightforward thriller about salvaging treasure from the Caribbean: the principal characters, including JANE RUSSELL, spend half their time in aqua-lung diving equipment and are followed by the camera as they swoop about under water inside a sunken seventeenth-century galleon full of gold. Here again off-screen narrative is needed, because the means of expression of anyone wearing an aqua-lung are limited to muffled hoots, nods and indicative gestures; but there are dialogue scenes, well managed and amusing. The thrills too come over well (there are sharks, and the wreck is in constant danger of sinking another three hundred feet; and above water there is a villain with a wicked eye, ready to hi-jack any possible treasure). But the strength of the piece is visual: magnificent Technicolor pictures, above the water (HARRY J. WILD) no less than below (LAMAR BOREN).

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another new one is *Raising a Riot*, a very English comedy about a father left in charge of the children, with KENNETH MORE and some good scenes among plenty of corny ones. *Umberto D.* is still the most worth-while film in London; *Seven Samurai* (2/3/55), *Carmen Jones* (19/1/55) and *Cinerama* continue; and *A Star is Born* has arrived.

Among the releases are *Woman's World* (26/1/55), which I found remarkably enjoyable, and a good Western, *Drum Beat* (5/1/55).

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Shake, Rattle and Roll

AT a time when enthusiasts can tune in to a ceaseless flow of good recorded jazz from Europe, Latin America and the United States (Hilversum, Radio Paris, Luxembourg and AFN are a few of the main sources) it is most courageous of the B.B.C. to boost British dance music with its Albert Hall Festival. We are not, I think, a particularly "groovy" people (to use Miss Beryl Reid's expressive term) and our dance music tends to be uncompromisingly pedestrian and four-square. Abroad there is ready and widespread mental and physical appreciation of swing and its offshoots, whereas in Britain most people over forty are eurhythmically incompetent unless the tempo is "strict" and devoid of bounce. The Germans apart (I consider Germany the least musical of all nations to-day) we are probably the world's stuffiest exponents of dance music.

I realize that to say this is to invite drastic reprisals from all quarters, certainly from the eight thousand or so bobby-soxers who filled the Albert Hall last week and screamed their delight at the music of Ted Heath, Geraldo, Ronnie Scott and The Squadronaires, and who will, I am sure, be equally shrill in their appreciation of the other eight bands to be featured in this Prom session. Let me explain then that I am incorrigibly addicted to the swing of the 'thirties, to the type of dance music exploited so brilliantly by Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman and, to name one of the few moderns of comparable stature,



Ted Heath Geraldo Alma Cogan

(Festival of Dance Music)

Britain's Humphrey Lyttelton. Theirs is music that combines technical expertness with *joie de vivre* and happy-go-lucky optimism. Listening to, say, Goodman's "Nagasaki," "Sugar Foot Stomp" or "Peckin'," to Ellington's "Mood Indigo" or Lyttelton's "St. James Infirmary Blues" I am overtaken by a sense of physical well-being—just as I am mentally invigorated by Brahms' Violin Concerto, Bach's great B Minor Mass or Beethoven's Ninth. Confession is good for the soul.

It is only fair to mention that either the acoustics of the Albert Hall or the B.B.C.'s engineering or both made serious listening an impossibility on this Festival occasion. There was no "balance"; the double bass sounded like the crack of doom and the skein of instrumentation was ravelled and matted. All the same I doubt whether I should have enjoyed a more faithful transmission.

The bands on exhibition seemed afraid to slug out a rhythm or a melody, to draft a foot-tapping beat and endorse it by a display of their undoubted instrumental skill. They struggled in the wake of the so-called "progressives" of jazz, airing trite dissonance and committing the cardinal but apparently "clever" error of unpunctuality on the down-beat.

Old fuddy-duddy that I am, I found it dull—though I admired the singing of Miss Alma Cogan. Why have we nothing to compare in sonic terpsichorean excitement with the offerings of the Dutch Swing College?

Radio Times prints (in small type) a summary of the music to be heard each day from Continental stations, and I

strongly advise all music-lovers who, with me, bemoan the fact that good music is still strictly rationed in Portland Place, to get acquainted with these guides to supplementary listening.

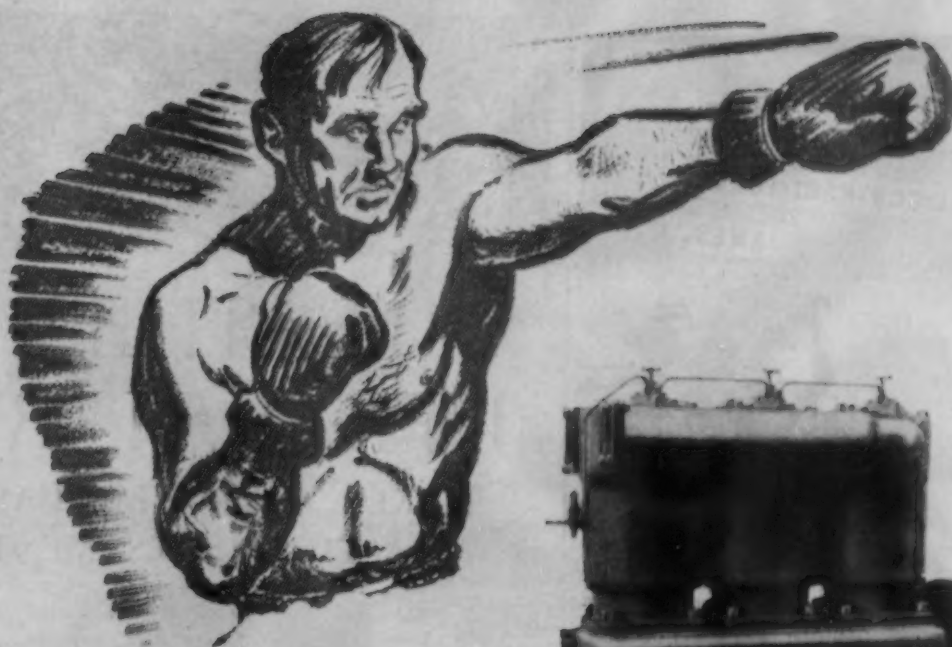
And one other point. The Third Programme very sensibly repeats its more important musical programmes, allowing us to hear the same concert on successive nights (recently there have been repeats of important works by Bach and Honegger). And from personal experience I know that this arrangement is immensely helpful. Well, now, why is this device *not* used by the other services? The Home and the Light repeat variety *ad nauseam*, but never, I think, help the beginner in musical appreciation by repeating their ventures into symphonic sound. This seems an amazing state of affairs—the highbrows being spoon-fed and the struggling masses having to snap at straws. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



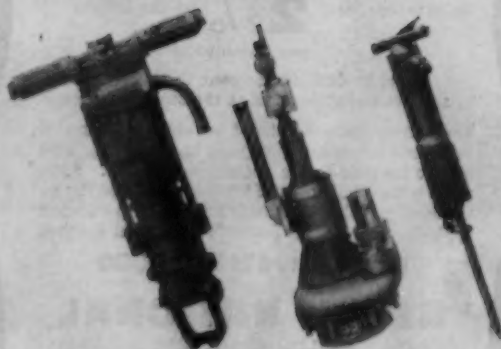
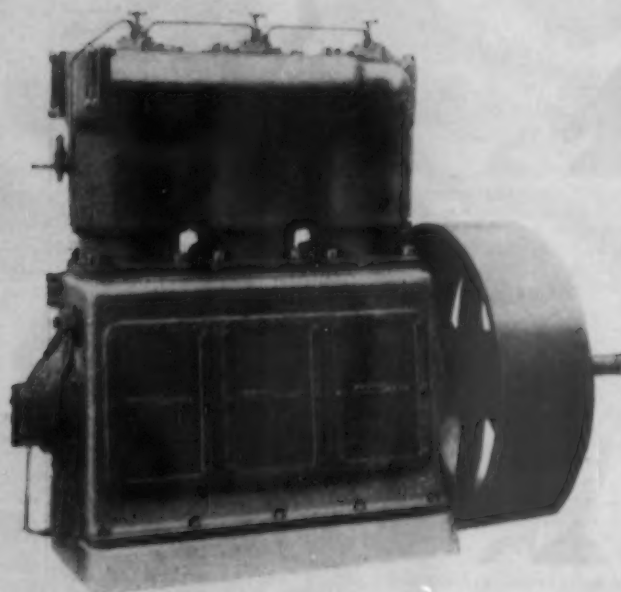
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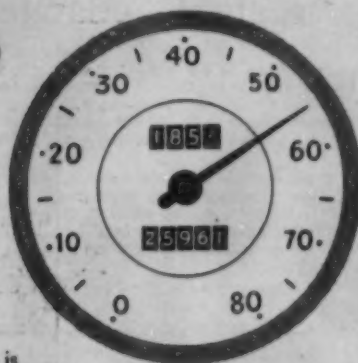
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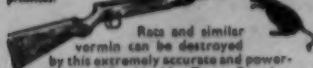


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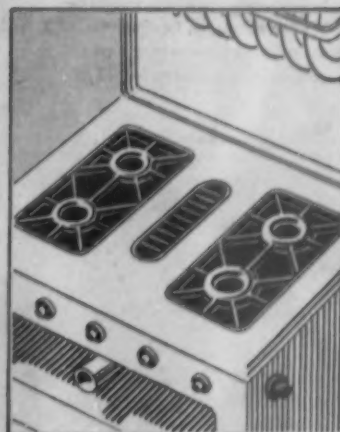
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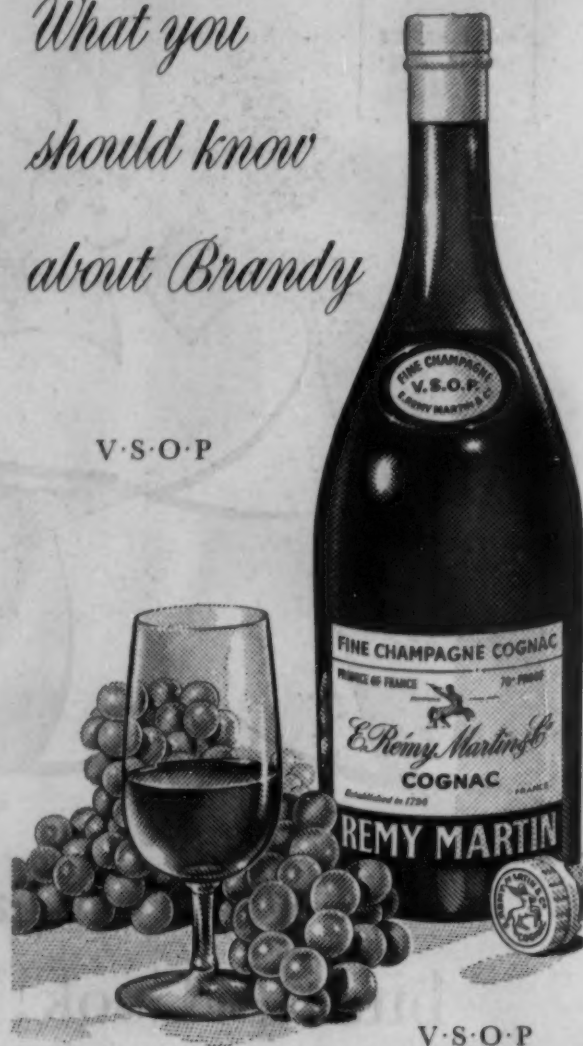
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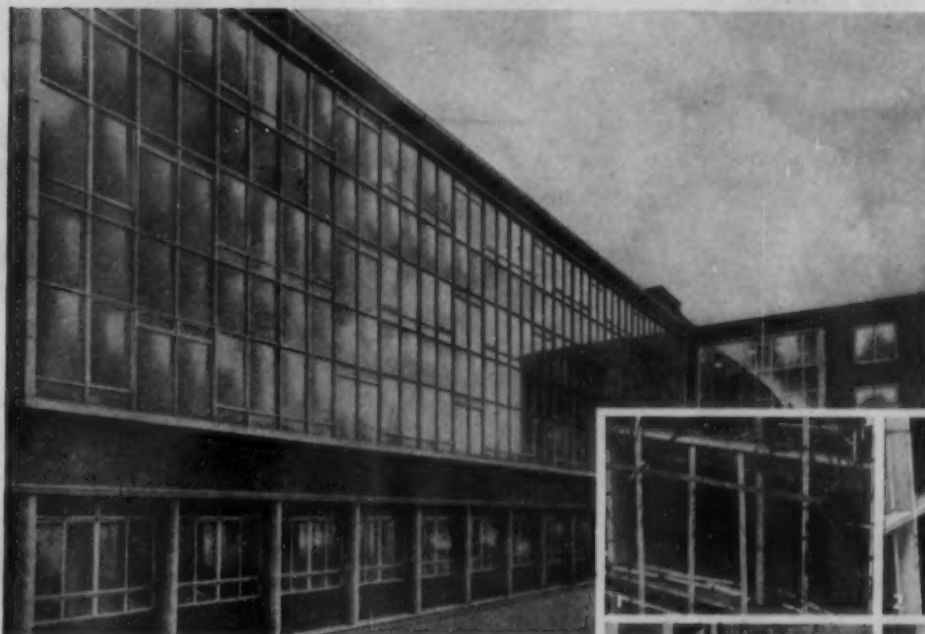
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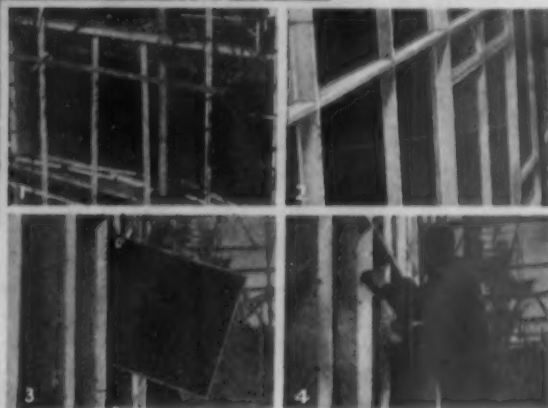
Wallspan is a grid of aluminium alloy, formed of box-section vertical and horizontal members, which is readily bolted on the structure of the building. Into it are fixed windows and doors and the rest of the grid is quickly filled with any of a wide variety of durable, weatherproof panelling. You may, if you wish, get business going floor by floor as Wallspan goes up!

The panelling used can be any of a score of different materials in numerous textures and colours—glass, stone, metal, wood and many other substances.

Wallspan gives you more floor space. The weight of a modern building is carried by the structural frame, not the outer walls, which are merely protective and decorative and carry the windows. So the Wallspan grid need be no more than 5 inches thick with panels half that thickness. This means *extra* rentable space all round every floor: hundreds more square feet in any sizeable building!

And more warmth! The slender panels in the Wallspan grid can be constructed to provide up to 50 per cent better heat-retention than cavity brick walls. And maintenance is negligible. There's no pointing or painting. The walls can be washed down occasionally . . . by the window cleaners.

It will be well worth your while to discuss with your Architect the use of Wallspan in any new building you are planning—offices, factory, shop, stores, warehouse, school . . .



- 1 Fixing the vertical aluminium members—they are so light in weight that one man can easily handle the largest of them!
- 2 The grid is fixed—floor by floor.
- 3 This is how the panels go in . . .
- 4 . . . and are clipped into place by a neat aluminium heading.

Extensions to this building had to go upward owing to site limitations. Three floors have been added to the original single-storey office and these have Wallspan walls.

The elevation illustrated is 115 ft. 7 in. long and 27 ft. 9 in. high. The Wallspan grid carries aluminium framed opening casements and fixed glazing. The opaque panels are green Vitroslab.

This Wallspan framework was fixed in FIVE DAYS by a routine-strength Williams & Williams fixing team and without working overtime!

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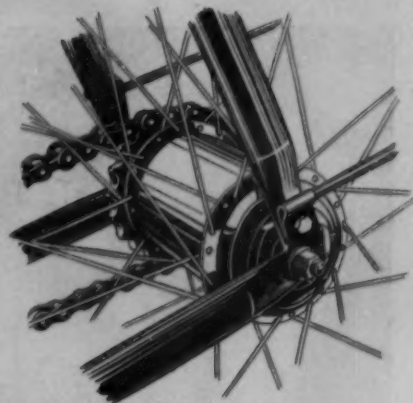
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Dieldrin's range of control is unique: all mosquitoes and all other major disease-carrying insects. More powerful, exceptionally persistent, giving never kill at lower dosages, dieldrin is the outstanding insecticide developed in recent years for the protection of health against insect attack.

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